

# Shadow COMICS

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

OCTOBER 1948  
VOL. 8 NO. 7

10¢

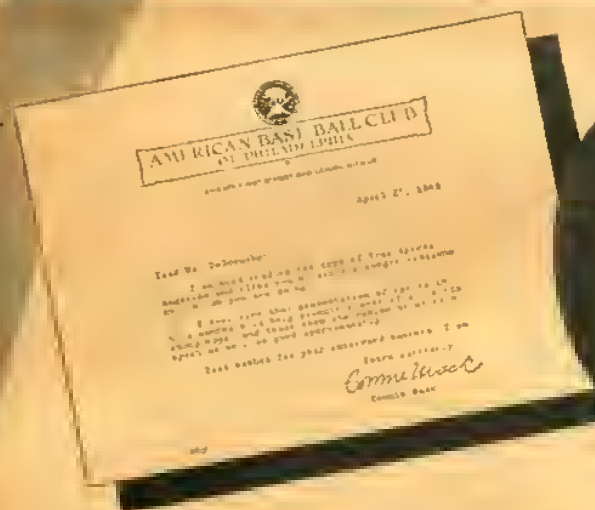


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Favorite Character.

52 PAGES—THE BEST BUY IN COMICS

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**How Champions Play**  
BASEBALL  
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## DON'T MISS READING HOW CHAMPIONS PLAY

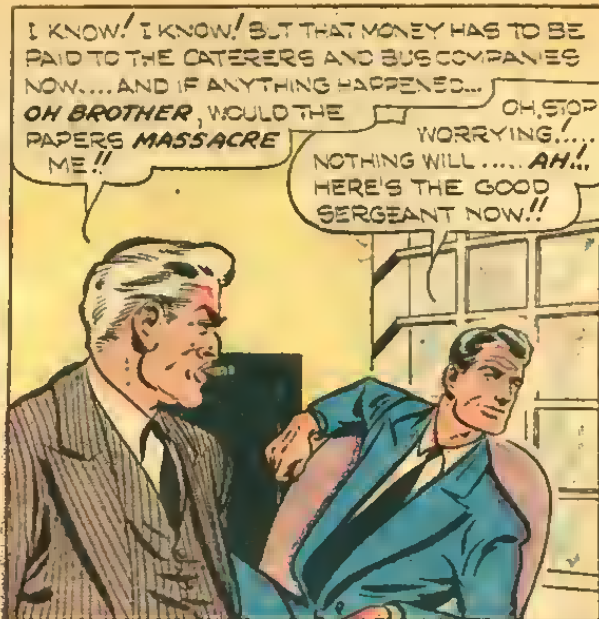
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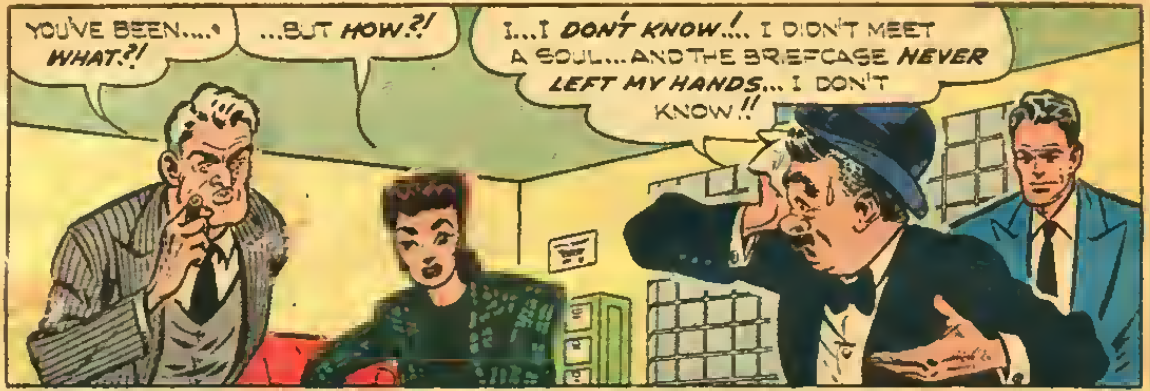
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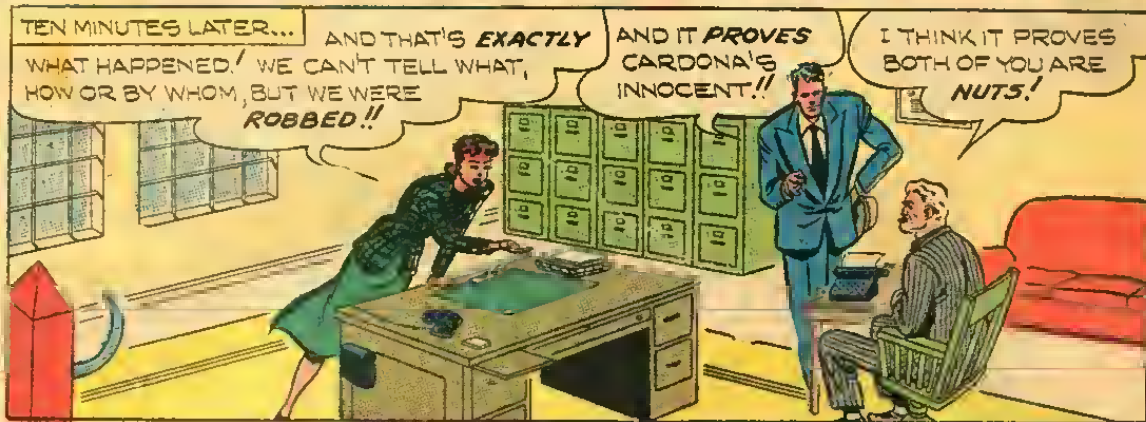
**TUNE IN**

EACH WEEK TO THE  
OF THE  
**SHADOW**

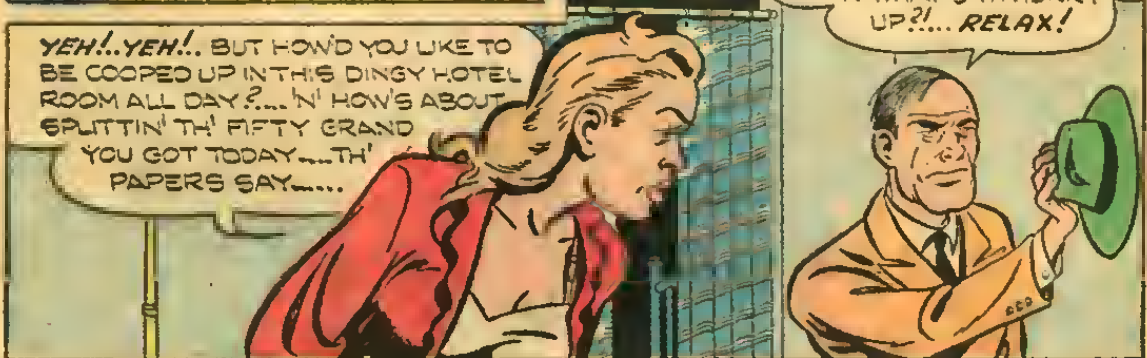




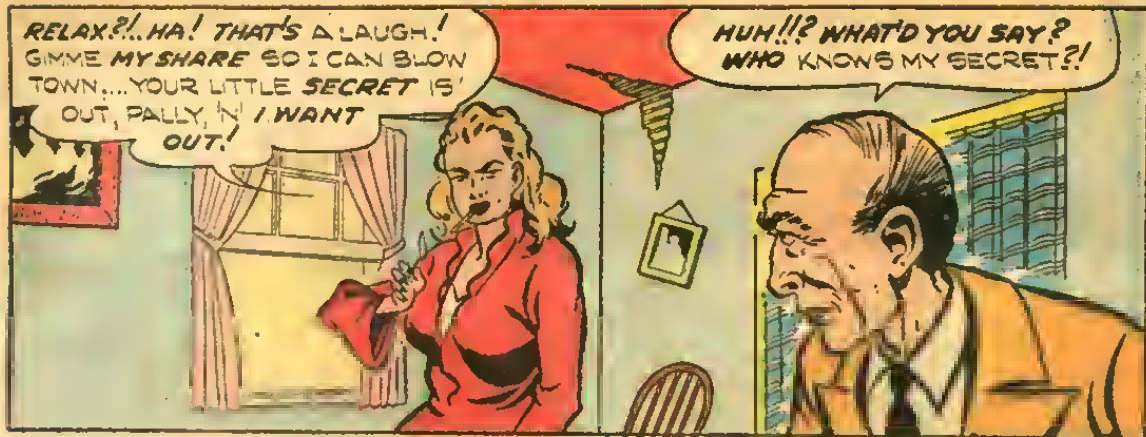






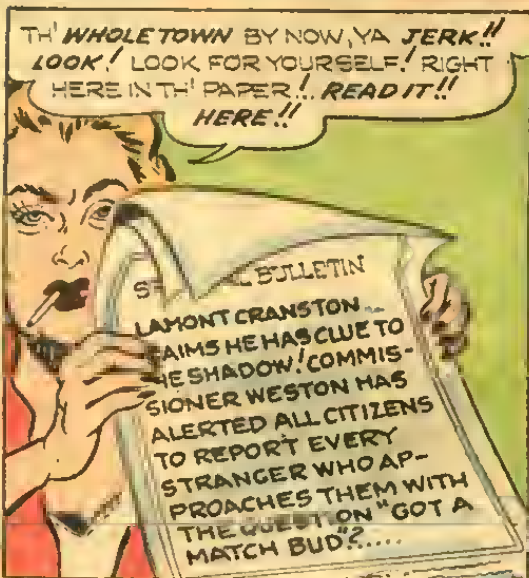






RELAX?! HA! THAT'S A LAUGH!  
GIMME MY SHARE SO I CAN BLOW  
TOWN...YOUR LITTLE SECRET IS  
OUT, PALLY, N! I WANT  
OUT!

HUH!!? WHAT'D YOU SAY?  
WHO KNOWS MY SECRET?!



TH' WHOLE TOWN BY NOW, YA JERK!!  
LOOK! LOOK FOR YOURSELF! RIGHT  
HERE IN TH' PAPER! READ IT!!  
HERE!!



IF YOUR SECRET'S OUT, I AIN'T TAKIN' ANY  
CHANCES...I'M LEAVIN' FOR....  
I AIN'T TAKIN' ANY CHANCE OF YOU  
TALKING EITHER, PAUL!!  
PAUL!! R..PUT THAT GUN AWAY!!  
PAUL!!

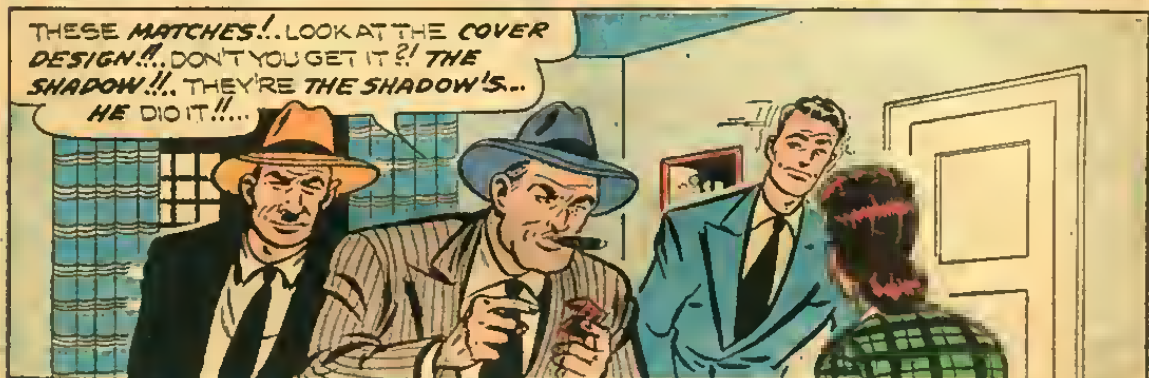
## PART TWO..... TWO HOURS LATER.....



...YEH...TH' DESK CLERK  
FOUND HER...N...WHAT'VE  
YOU GOT THERE? A GUN...IT'S  
JUST BEEN FIRED...LOOK...



YEH...T... GOOD GRIEF!!  
THIS IS CARDONA'S GUN...  
AND HE'S BEEN MISSING  
EVER SINCE I LET HIM  
GO AFTER I TALKED  
TO YOU!! SURELY YOU DON'T  
BELIEVE HE  
KILLED THIS  
GIRL?!







NO!!... WAS I  
THERE?...

OF COURSE!! LISTEN!!  
SOMEBODY STOPPED US  
ON THE STREET AND TOOK  
MY WALLET AND YOUR  
WRISTWATCH!



FUNNY... I DON'T  
RECALL...

I DON'T KNOW WHO HE  
IS OR WE COULD NAB HIM,  
BUT I'VE A HUNCH THAT SPECIAL  
BULLETIN I HAD PUT IN JACK'S  
PAPER WILL BEAR FRUIT... HE'LL  
TRY TO CONTACT ME... TO  
KILL ME....



SOME HOW CARDONA IS IN THIS TOO,  
HE... WAIT!.. HELLO?... YES? OH....  
IT'S YOU!... IT'S OUR MAN, MARGOT!  
HE'S OFFERING ME A SPLIT OF  
THE LOOT....



NO... I'M NOT INTERESTED... WHO IS  
THIS?... PAUL?... WELL?... YOU'VE GOT  
SOMEBODY THERE THAT'LL CONVINCE  
ME TO WORK WITH YOU? PUT  
HIM ON.....



WHO'S THIS?... CARDONA!!.. WHAT?!.. WHAT?!  
CARDONA! WAIT!.. I... YES, PAUL?...  
ALLRIGHT... YES... GOOD BYE....

WHAT IS IT,  
LAMONT?!









...WHAT? WHO SAID THAT?!

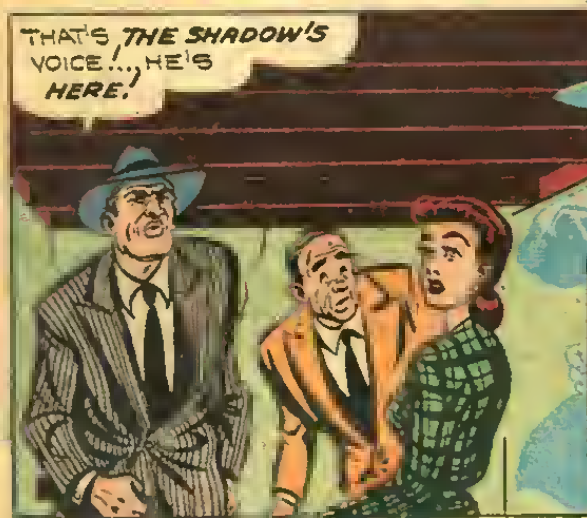
YOU DID...AREN'T YOU SUPPOSED TO BE THE SHADOW?...HA! HA! HA!... WHAT'S THE MATTER?...CAN'T YOU SEE ME?



OH...!

LOOK FOR ME!...I'LL LET THE OTHERS HELP YOU...WESTON, MARGOT!..SNAP OUT OF IT!

HUH?...WHAT?... WHAT HAPPENED?



THAT'S THE SHADOW'S VOICE!...HE'S HERE.



TOO BAD, PAUL...I HAD TO BREAK THE SPELL...LISTEN, WESTON, THAT FELLOW STANDING BESIDE YOU IS YOUR GHOST KILLER!...



HUH?...WHO?...YEH...HOW'D YOU GET IN HERE?... WHAT D'YOU WANT?!

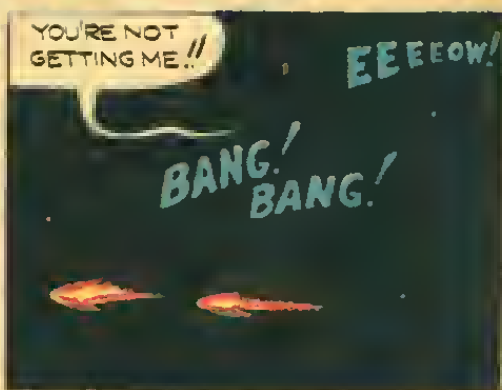
WESTON!...I'M TELLING YOU!... HE'S MURIEL'S KILLER!!! SEARCH HIM!!

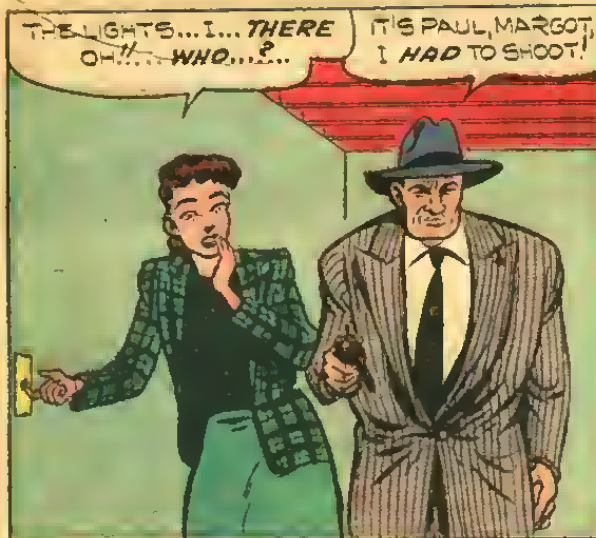


NOT ME YOU DON'T! OUTFIT MY WAY!

OOOF!







THE LIGHTS... I... THERE  
OH!... WHO...?...

IT'S PAUL, MARGOT,  
I HAD TO SHOOT!



NO... WAIT!  
UH... TOO LATE...  
HE'S GONE!

THE SHADOW THANKS YOU,  
WESTON... AND I'M STILL ON YOUR  
SIDE... GOODBYE!!



THAT EVENING....

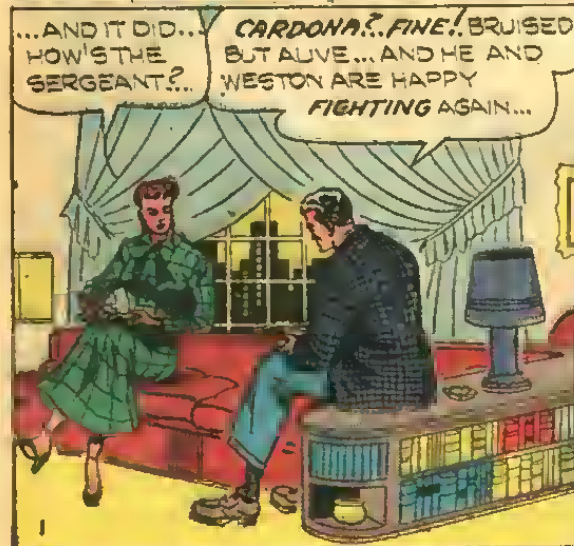
BUT HOW COULD  
PAUL ROB PEOPLE  
WITHOUT THEIR  
KNOWING IT?...

DON'T YOU KNOW YET?!  
HYPNOTISM, M' SWEET!  
HE'D HYPNOTISE THEM  
SO THEY HAD NO KNOW-  
LEDGE OF WHAT  
HAPPENED WHILE  
THEY WERE  
UNDER  
HIS  
SPELL!



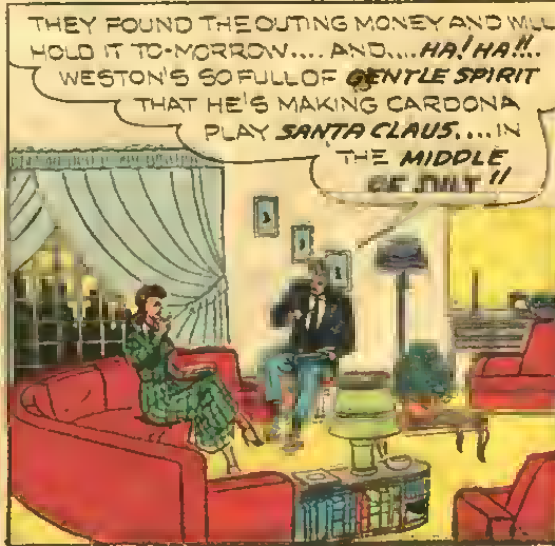
BUT HOW DID  
YOU CATCH  
ON?!

WHEN WESTON ASKED ME  
FOR A MATCH, I VAGUELY  
REMEMBERED HAVING BEEN  
ASKED FOR ONE VERY RECENTLY,  
BUT I COULDN'T REMEMBER WHERE AND  
BY WHOM, SO I DECIDED TO PLAY A  
HUNCH AND PUT THAT NOTICE INTO  
THE PAPERS TO FORCE  
THE CRIMINAL'S  
HAND....



...AND IT DID...  
HOW'S THE  
SERGEANT?...

CARDONA? FINE! BRUISED  
BUT ALIVE... AND HE AND  
WESTON ARE HAPPY  
FIGHTING AGAIN...



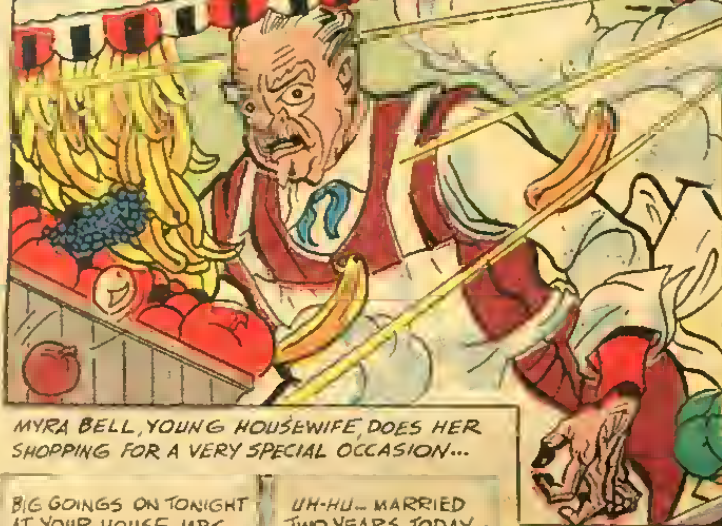
THEY FOUND THE OUTING MONEY AND WILL  
HOLD IT TO-MORROW.... AND... HA! HA!!  
WESTON'S SO FULL OF GENTLE SPIRIT  
THAT HE'S MAKING CARDONA  
PLAY SANTA CLAUS... IN  
THE MIDDLE  
OF JUNE!!



# NICK CARTER

MYSTERY COMES TO MARKET.....

YOUR MARKET  
DOMESTIC & IMPORTED SPECIALTIES



'FROM LITTLE ACORNS GREAT OAKS GROW', AS THE SAYING GOES.... AND... FROM LITTLE CRIMES THERE IS NO TELLING HOW LARGE THE FOLLOWING CRIMES WILL GROW. IN 'MYSTERY COMES TO MARKET' NICK CARTER STARTED OUT WITH A CRIME ALMOST BENEATH HIS NOTICE AND ENDED UP WITH AN INTERNATIONAL SWINDLE....

MYRA BELL, YOUNG HOUSEWIFE, DOES HER SHOPPING FOR A VERY SPECIAL OCCASION...

BIG GOINGS ON TONIGHT AT YOUR HOUSE, MRS. BELL... YOU PRACTICALLY BOUGHT OUT THE HOUSE!

UH-HU... MARRIED TWO YEARS TODAY... I'M GOING TO COOK A DINNER THAT CONSISTS OF ALL MY HUSBAND'S FAVORITES!



DAT'S HER... DON'T LOSE HER!

DON'T WORRY...

AND A FEW MINUTES LATER AS SHE COMES FROM HER OWN GARAGE...

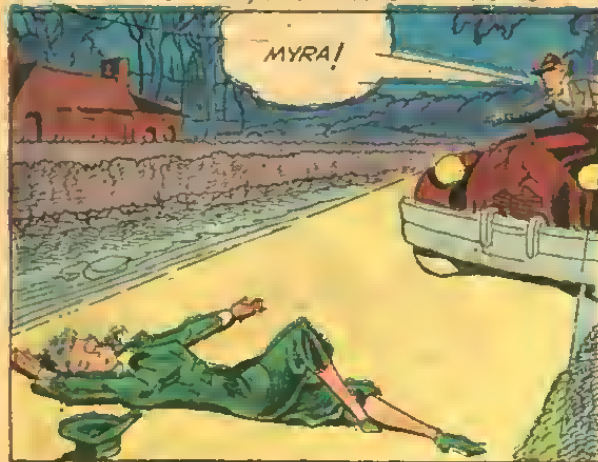


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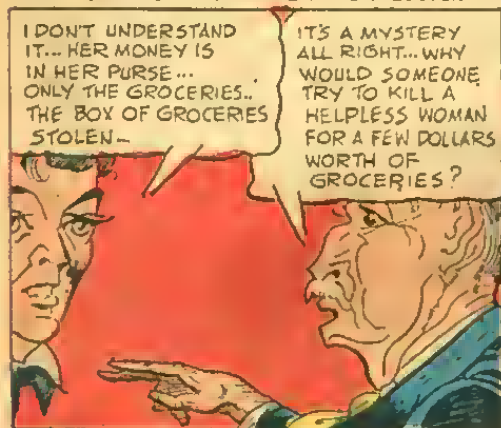
HALFWAY TO HER HOUSE, SHE IS UNAWARE THAT A CAR HAS PICKED UP HER TRAIL...

4

SEVERAL HOURS LATER, HER HUSBAND RETURNS HOME...



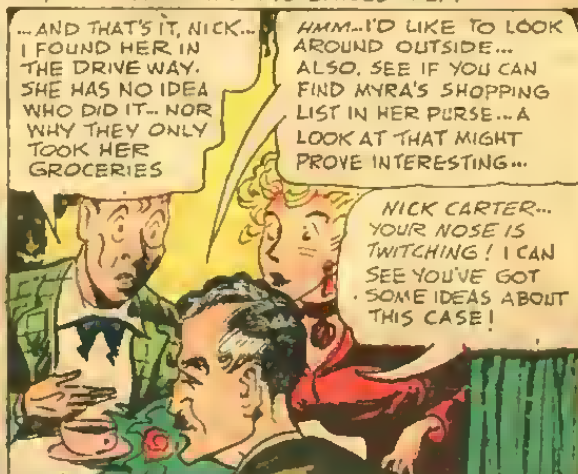
LATER, AFTER THE DOCTOR HAS ASCERTAINED THE INJURY IS ONLY A SLIGHT CONCUSSION...



AFTER MYRA IS ASLEEP, BEN BELL GREET'S UNEXPECTED VISITORS...



BEN EXPLAINS THE MYSTERIOUS THEFT...



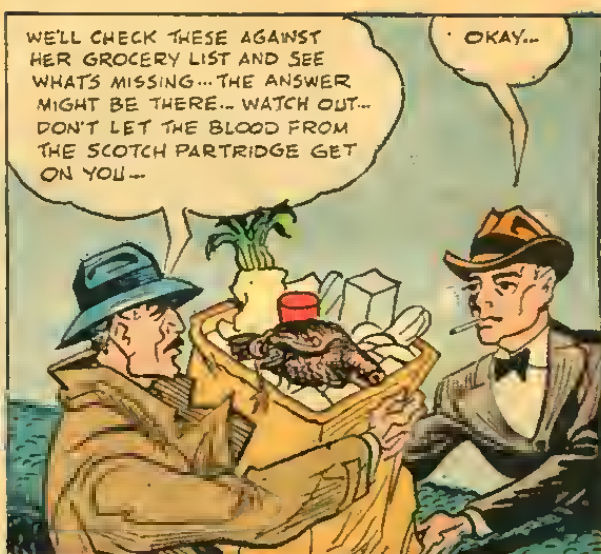
TUNE IN EACH WEEK TO **NICK CARTER** OVER MUTUAL NETWORK





THERE ARE YOUR GROCERIES, BEN...

THEN... THEN THEY DIDN'T EVEN STEAL THEM! BUT WHY? WHAT WAS THEIR PURPOSE... WHAT WERE THEY AFTER?



WE'LL CHECK THESE AGAINST HER GROCERY LIST AND SEE WHAT'S MISSING... THE ANSWER MIGHT BE THERE... WATCH OUT... DON'T LET THE BLOOD FROM THE SCOTCH PARTRIDGE GET ON YOU...

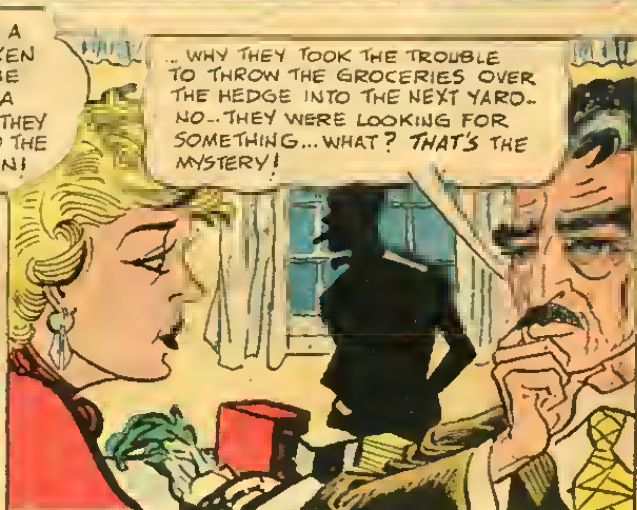
OKAY...



...HMM... THAT'S EVERYTHING, NICK... EVERYTHING THAT WAS ON HER MARKET LIST... NOT A SINGLE THING IS MISSING!

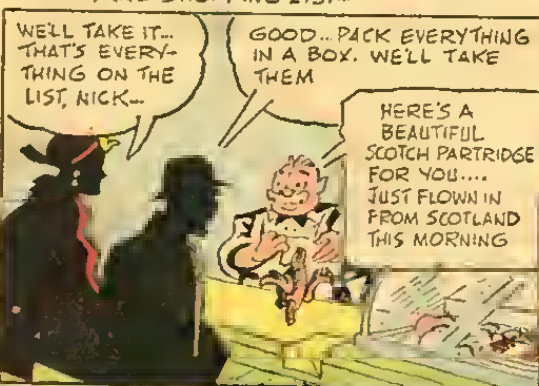
PERHAPS IT WAS A CASE OF MISTAKEN IDENTITY... MAYBE WHEN THEY GOT A LOOK AT MYRA, THEY FOUND THEY HAD THE WRONG PERSON!

PERHAPS... BUT THAT DOESN'T EXPLAIN...



... WHY THEY TOOK THE TROUBLE TO THROW THE GROCERIES OVER THE HEDGE INTO THE NEXT YARD... NO... THEY WERE LOOKING FOR SOMETHING... WHAT? THAT'S THE MYSTERY!

THE NEXT DAY, NICK AND PATSY GO SHOPPING WITH MYRA'S SHOPPING LIST...

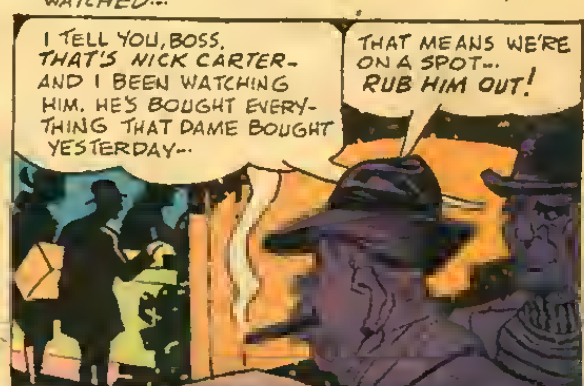


WE'LL TAKE IT... THAT'S EVERYTHING ON THE LIST, NICK...

GOOD... PACK EVERYTHING IN A BOX. WE'LL TAKE THEM

HERE'S A BEAUTIFUL SCOTCH PARTRIDGE FOR YOU... JUST FLOWN IN FROM SCOTLAND THIS MORNING

MEANWHILE, NICK AND PATSY ARE BEING WATCHED...



I TELL YOU, BOSS, THAT'S NICK CARTER- AND I BEEN WATCHING HIM. HE'S BOUGHT EVERYTHING THAT DAME BOUGHT YESTERDAY...

THAT MEANS WE'RE ON A SPOT... RUB HIM OUT!

SUNDAY EVENING  
6:30 P.M. EST.

sponsored by

OLD DUTCH  
CLEANSER



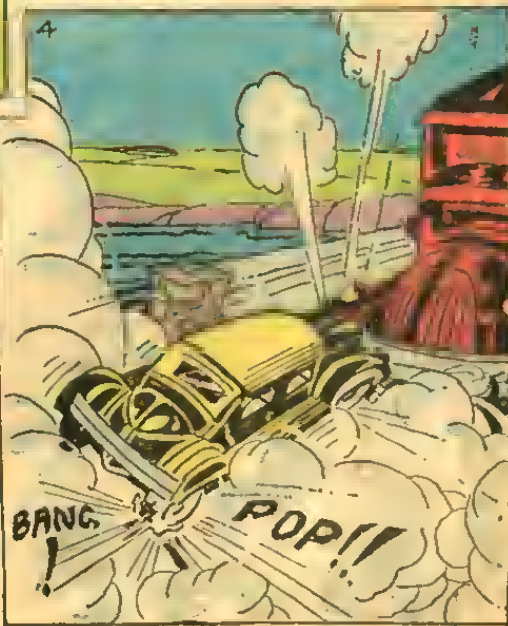
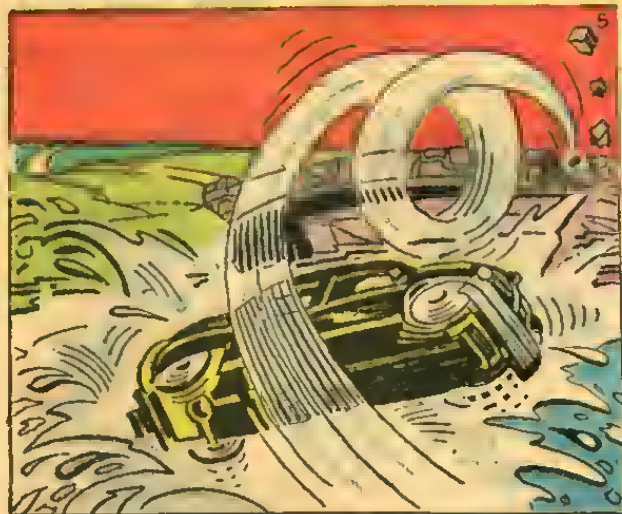
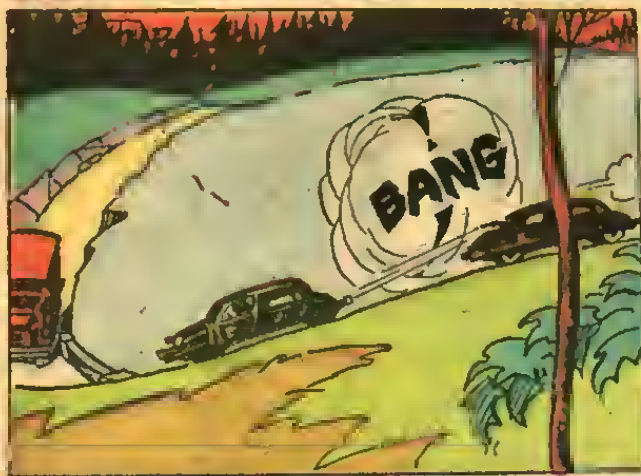
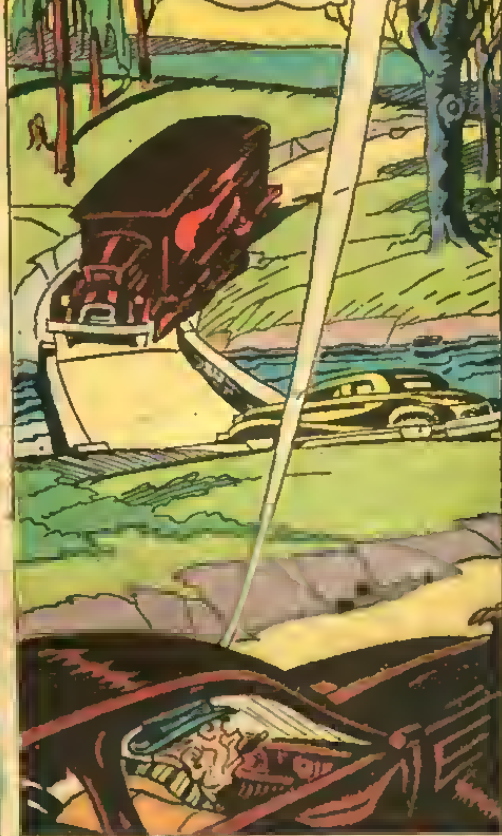
AGAIN THE DESPERADOES PREPARE TO FOLLOW IN A CAR  
BUT THIS TIME WITH A DEADLY PURPOSE...

WELL, NICK? ARE  
YOU ANY CLOSER  
TO A SOLUTION  
THAN YOU WERE  
BEFORE WE SPENT  
FIFTEEN DOLLARS  
ON GROCERIES?

FRANKLY NO... BUT DON'T THINK  
THEY'RE WASTED... YOU'RE GOING  
TO PUT THEM TO GOOD USE IN  
MYRA'S AND BEN'S KITCHEN AND  
SURPRISE THEM BOTH TO MAKE  
UP FOR THEIR LOST ANNIVERSARY  
DINNER, I'LL BE BACK SOON.

A FEW MINUTES LATER...

HERE'S OUR CHANCE! GET  
YOUR ROD OUT! JUST BEFORE  
THEY GET TO THE BIG TRUCK...  
BLOW THEIR TIRE... THE  
TRUCK WILL SMEAR 'EM  
ALL OVER THE PLACE!





LATER—

AS YET, THE BODY OF  
NICK CARTER, DETECTIVE,  
HAS NOT BEEN FOUND.  
RIVER CREWS ARE DRAGGING  
THE BOTTOM AS FAR DOWN  
AS MILLTOWN...

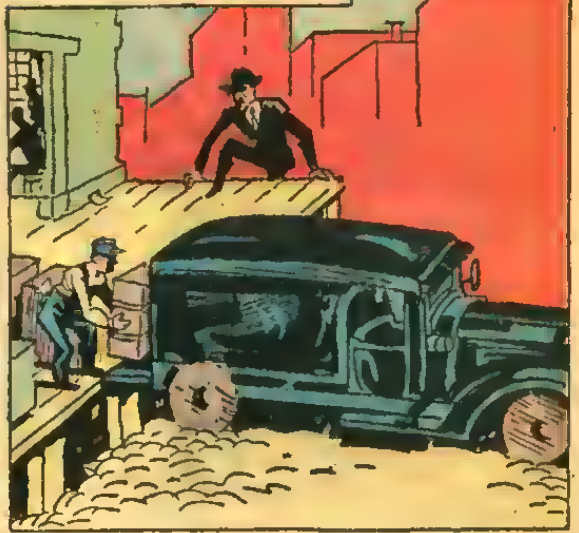
ETC. ETC.

HE'S PROBABLY  
SUNK IN THE MUD—

DON'T WORRY,  
BOSS... IT'S THE  
LAST YOU'LL  
SEE OF NICK  
CARTER...

YEAH... IF HE  
WAS ON TO OUR  
RACKET, HE'LL  
NEVER TALK  
NOW!

BUT, AT THIS VERY MOMENT—



?  
CLUGH!

NICK DELIVERS A 'SILENCER'...



IF WHAT I FIND HERE  
IS WHAT I THINK, I'LL  
CRACK THIS CASE  
WIDE OPEN...

BUT BEFORE HE HAS A CHANCE TO INVESTIGATE...

SO YOU'RE NOT AT THE BOTTOM  
OF THE RIVER, CARTER! HEHEHE...  
WELL... YOU SOON WILL BE... I'LL  
MAKE SURE OF THAT!



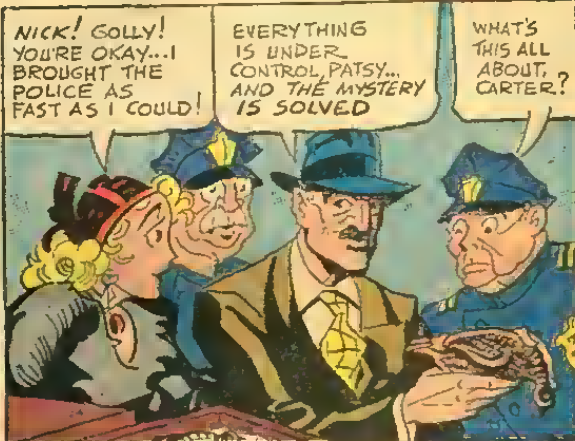


IN A SECOND, THE STORE-ROOM IS A WHIRL OF ACTION.....!



WITH THE COORDINATION AND THE SPEED OF A LION, NICK QUICKLY "CALMS" HIS MANHANDLERS....

A FEW MINUTES LATER...



VOILA!...THIS IS THE REASON WHY THE THUGS KNOCKED OUT MYRA AND TOOK ONLY ONE THING... THE HEAD OF THE PARTRIDGE... FOR INSIDE WAS A DIAMOND LIKE THIS ONE!

I GET IT!... THEY'VE BEEN IMPORTING SCOTCH PARTRIDGES AND SMUGGLING DIAMONDS INTO THE COUNTRY AT THE SAME TIME...

THEY RECOGNIZED ME WHEN I BROUGHT THE SAME ITEMS THAT MYRA BOUGHT AND SUSPECTED THAT I WAS ON THEIR TRAIL... ACTUALLY I LEARNED NOTHING UNTIL, AS I PULLED YOU OUT OF THE WATER, PATSY...

....I SAW THE HEAD OF THE PARTRIDGE WE BOUGHT, JUST BEFORE IT SANK AND REALIZED THAT THE HEAD WAS THE ONE THING MISSING FROM MYRA'S GROCERIES...

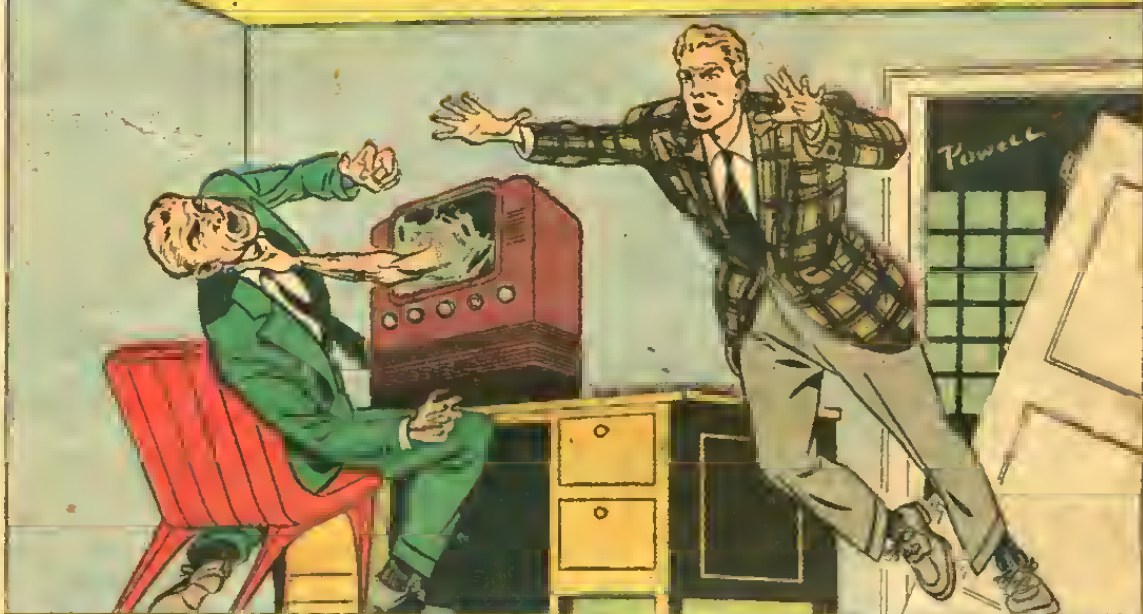
...SO YOU FIGURED WHAT THEY WERE AFTER WAS IN THE PARTRIDGE NECKS... AND, OF COURSE, YOU'VE PROVED YOURSELF RIGHT!



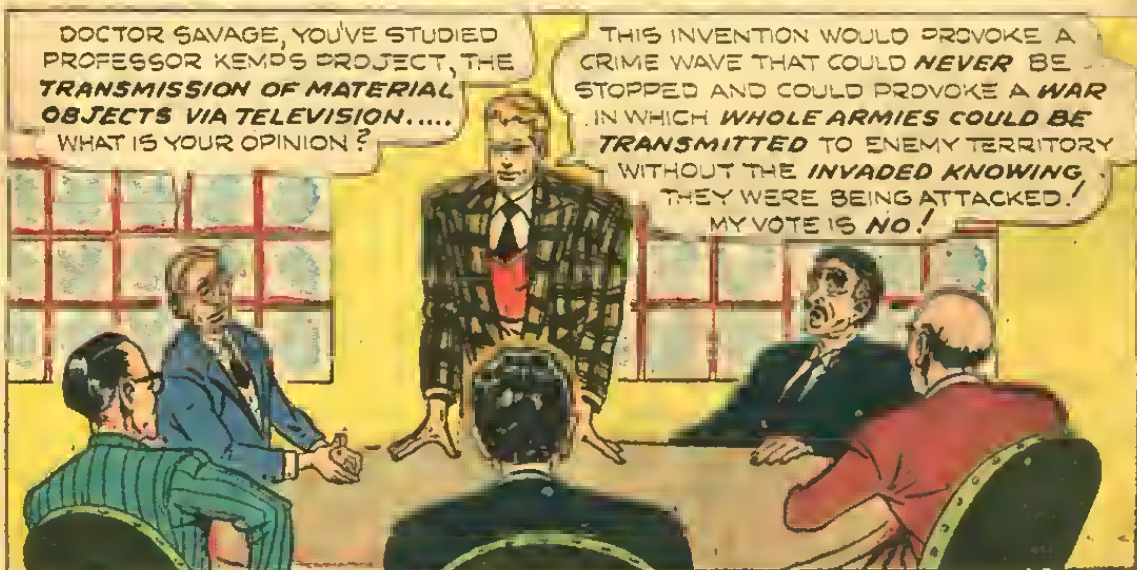


# DOC SAVAGE

## THE TELEVISION PERIL

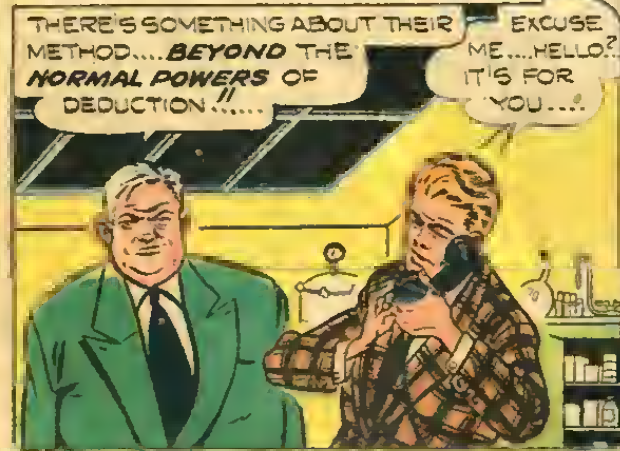
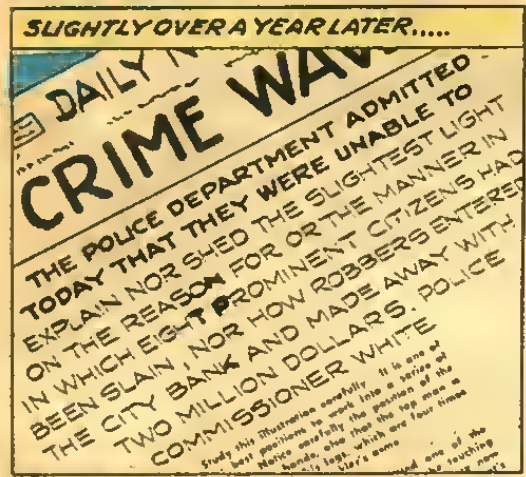


DOC SAVAGE IS CALLED TO WASHINGTON TO GIVE AN OPINION REGARDING THE PRACTICABILITY OF A PROPOSED EXPERIMENT.....



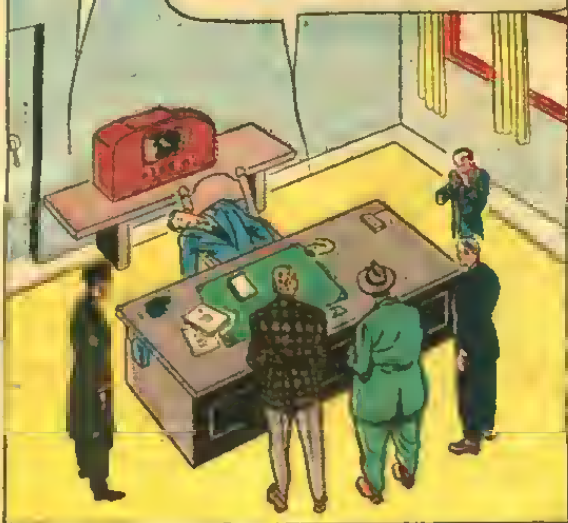
DOCTOR SAVAGE, YOU'VE STUDIED PROFESSOR KEMPS PROJECT, THE TRANSMISSION OF MATERIAL OBJECTS VIA TELEVISION..... WHAT IS YOUR OPINION?

THIS INVENTION WOULD PROVOKE A CRIME WAVE THAT COULD NEVER BE STOPPED AND COULD PROVOKE A WAR IN WHICH WHOLE ARMIES COULD BE TRANSMITTED TO ENEMY TERRITORY WITHOUT THE INVADED KNOWING THEY WERE BEING ATTACKED! MY VOTE IS NO!

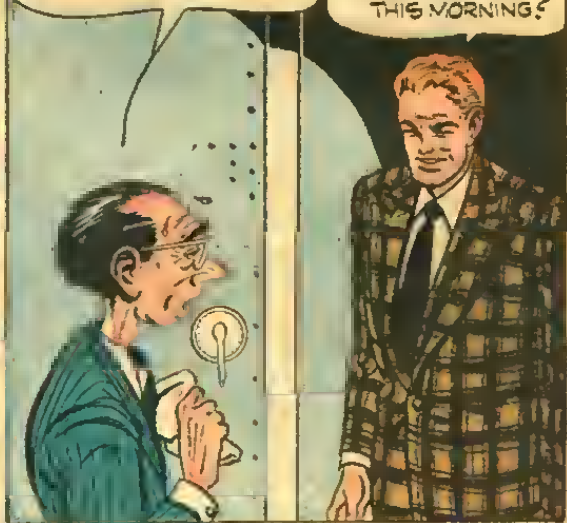




LATER..... YES SIR! AND...AND...**NOBODY**  
STRANGLER TO DEATH..... COULD HAVE GOTTEN  
IN!... THE DOORS AND  
WINDOWS WERE **SEALED**  
SHUT WITH **IRON SHUTTERS!**



HE KEPT THE DIAMONDS IN THAT VAULT.....  
BUT ONCE A MONTH HE WOULD  
CLOSE THE IRON SHUTTERS, & HOW DID  
TAKE OUT THE DIAMONDS **YOU GET**  
AND COUNT THEM... INTO THE ROOM  
THIS MORNING?



I...I SAW THE IRON DOOR  
HALF OPEN....I PEEKED  
IN... AND...AND TH...THERE  
HE W....WAS.....



AH!...THE DOOR WAS  
OPEN...THAT MEANS  
BLODY **LET SOMEBODY**  
IN!

**WRONG!..THERE WAS A**  
**GUARD** OUTSIDE THE DOOR,  
WE FOUND HIM SLUGGED  
AND GAGGED **INSIDE** THE  
VAULT THIS MORNING...SAYS NOBODY  
CAME IN... BUT WHOEVER WAS IN CAME  
**OUT** AND SLUGGED HIM  
FROM BEHIND.



AT THAT MOMENT A FEW BLOCKS AWAY.....

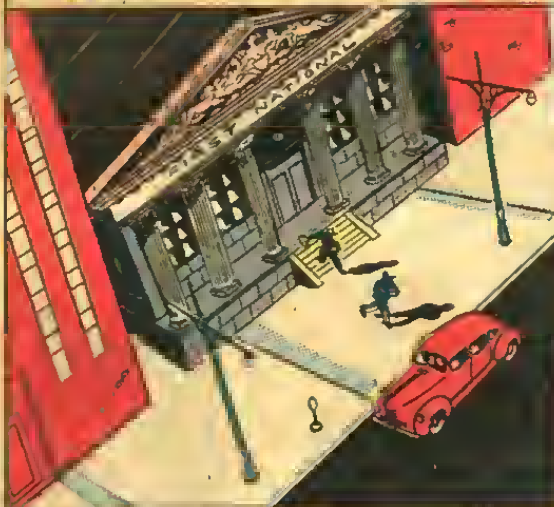
THIS ROBBERY REPAYS OUR  
INVESTMENT IN PROFESSOR  
KEMP...FROM NOW ON...  
**EVERYTHING IS**  
**PROFIT !!**



BUT THIS IS **NOTHING!..THE**  
**ENTIRE WEALTH** OF THIS CITY....  
THIS **NATION...THE WORLD....**  
**CAN AND WILL BE**  
**OURS!**



**AND FROM THAT DAY MORE BANKS ARE  
ROBBED.....**



**....AND MORE MEN FACE SUDDEN DEATH.....**



**I CAN'T THINK OF *ONE*  
POSSIBLE WAY THESE CRIMES  
ARE BEING COMMITTED !!**

**DOC....FOR PETE'S SAKE.....*THINK!*....  
THE CRIMES ARE GETTING BIGGER.....  
THERE'S NO TELLING *WHERE*  
IT WILL END !!**

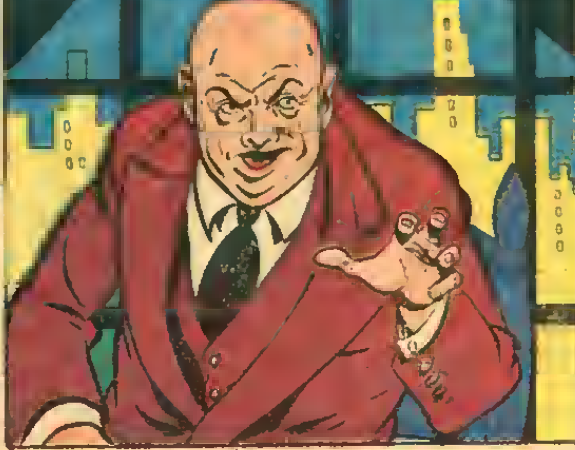


**.....AND THE FINANCIAL COMBINED DIVIDE  
THEIR STOLEN RICHES.....**

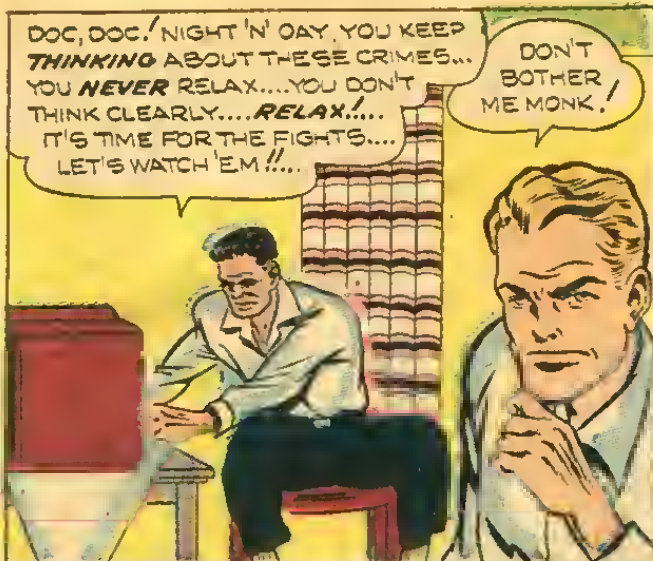
**AND SO, GENTLEMEN.....WE'VE  
ENOUGH WEALTH TO DO SOME  
LEGITIMATE BUSINESS....  
WE ARE GOING TO  
BUY AN ARMY..!!**

**AN ARMY?  
YOU'RE  
JOKING!**

**SILENCE, FOOLS!...I'VE ALREADY  
NEGOTIATED FOR THE SALE WITH  
A LARGE BUT IMPOVERISHED  
FOREIGN POWER....WITH *THEIR*  
ARMY WE'LL CONQUER  
THE WORLD..!!**





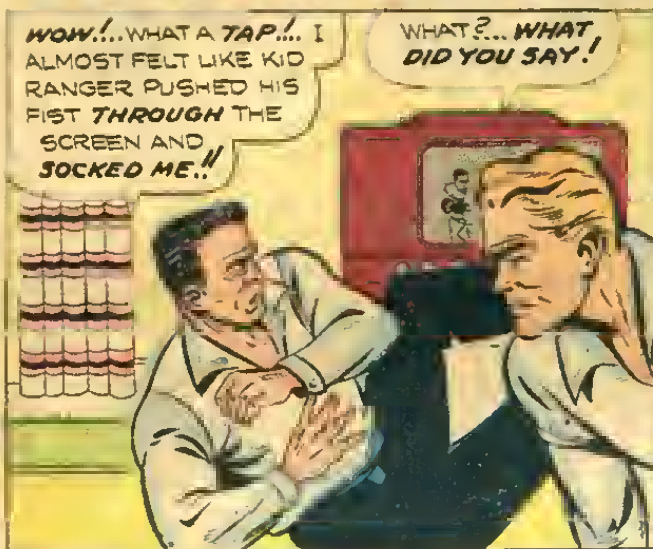


DOC, DOC! NIGHT 'N' DAY YOU KEEP **THINKING** ABOUT THESE CRIMES... YOU **NEVER** RELAX....YOU DON'T THINK CLEARLY....**RELAX!**... IT'S TIME FOR THE FIGHTS.... LET'S WATCH 'EM !!!

DON'T BOTHER ME MONK!

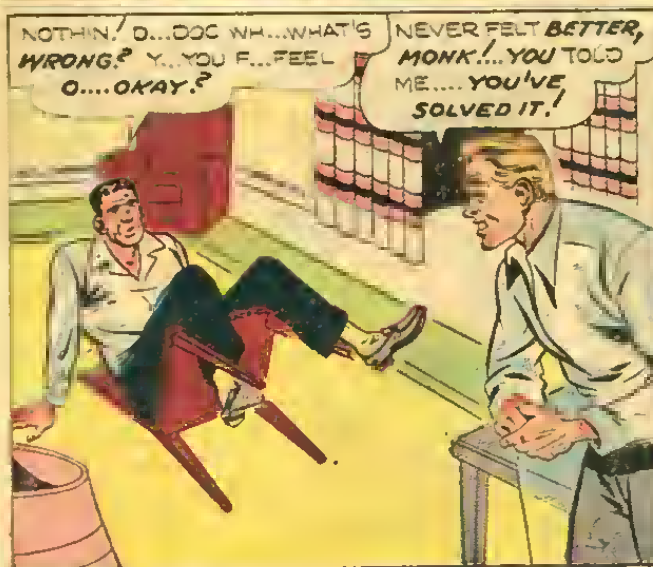


COME ON BRUISER! LEAD WITH THAT LEFT !!!



WOW!...WHAT A **TAP!**... I ALMOST FELT LIKE KID RANGER PUSHED HIS FIST **THROUGH** THE SCREEN AND **SOCKED ME!!**

WHAT?... **WHAT DID YOU SAY!**



NOTHIN' D...DOC WH...WHAT'S **WRONG?** Y...YOU F...FEEL O....OKAY?

NEVER FELT **BETTER, MONK!**...YOU TOLD ME.... **YOU'VE SOLVED IT!**



DOC! HAVE YOU REMEMBER PROFESSOR **GONE NUTS!** KEMP'S IDEA ?.....

**MATERIAL TRANS- MISSION VIA TELEVISION ?... THAT'S IT MONK! /SOMEHOW...HE GOT HIS WORK FINANCED..... MURDERS AND THIEVES ARE BEING TRANSMITTED VIA TELEVISION !!**





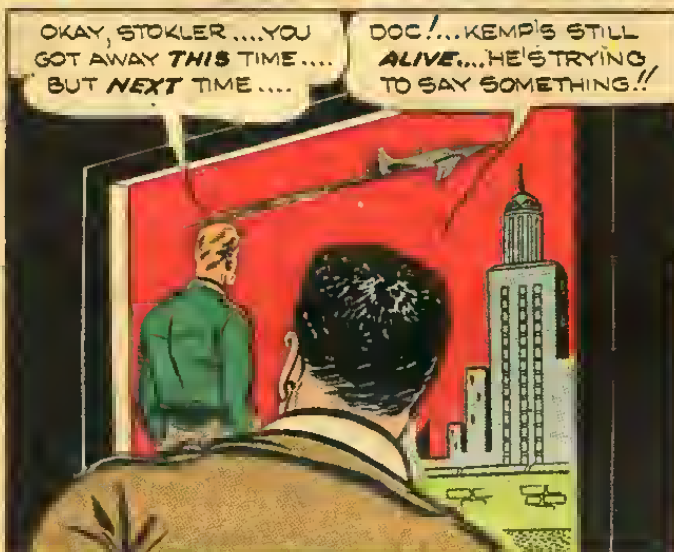


GIVE ME POLICE HEADQUARTERS... **HURRY!**

**STOKLER!!**



I'LL NEVER GET TO HIM IN TIME....HE'S GOING TO **ESCAPE!!**



OKAY, STOKLER ....YOU GOT AWAY **THIS TIME**.... BUT **NEXT TIME** ....

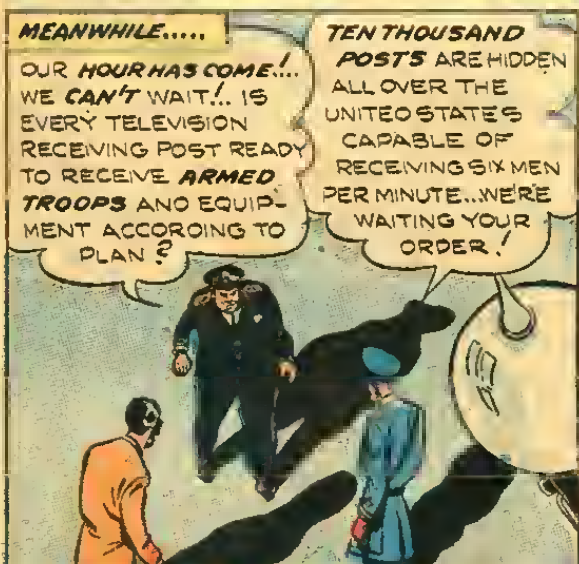
DOC!...KEMP'S STILL **ALIVE**....HE'S TRYING TO SAY SOMETHING!!



S...STOKLER...LEAD... LEADER...CONQUER W... W...WORLD...TELEVISION... ARMY...S...S...STOP H...H...HIM...AHHH....

DEAD!... DID YOU UNDER- STAND HIM DOC?...

**EVERY WORD! ANOTHER'S NO TIME TO LOSE!**



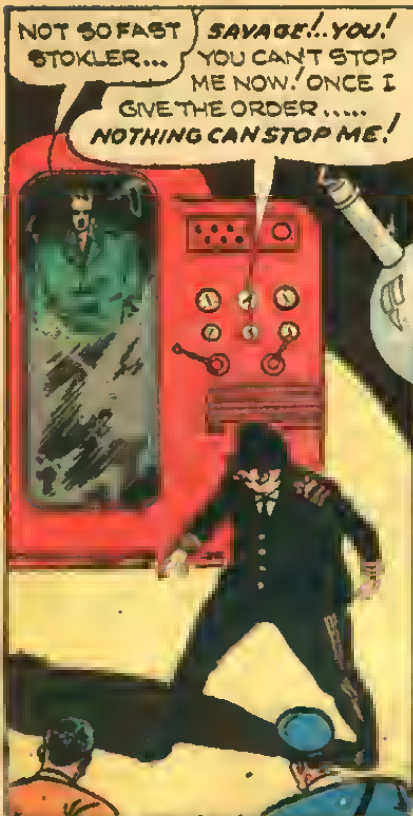
**MEANWHILE.....**

OUR **hour** has come!... WE **CAN'T** WAIT!... IS EVERY TELEVISION RECEIVING POST READY TO RECEIVE **ARMED TROOPS** AND EQUIPMENT ACCORDING TO PLAN?

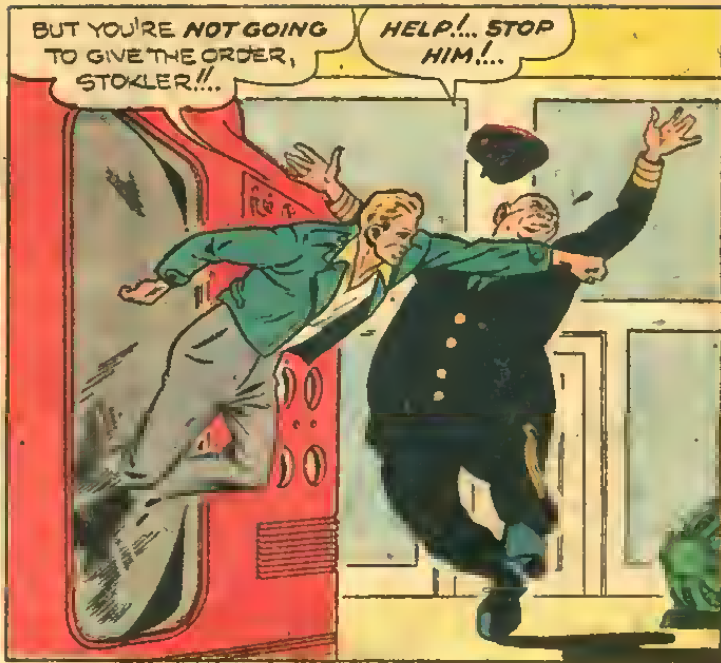
**TEN THOUSAND POSTS** ARE HIDDEN ALL OVER THE UNITED STATES CAPABLE OF RECEIVING SIX MEN PER MINUTE...WE'RE WAITING YOUR ORDER!



THEN **BEGIN THE CONQUEST**... BY TOMORROW MORNING, EVERY CITY AND INDUSTRIAL AREA IN THE UNITED STATES WILL BE **OURS!!**



NOT SO FAST STOKLER... **SAVAGE!..YOU!** YOU CAN'T STOP ME NOW! ONCE I GIVE THE ORDER..... **NOTHING CAN STOP ME!**



BUT YOU'RE **NOT** GOING TO GIVE THE ORDER, STOKLER!!! **HELP!.. STOP HIM!..**

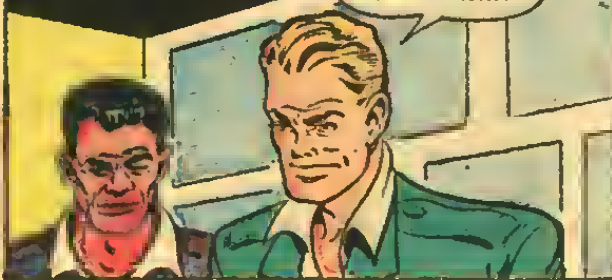


YOU DON'T SEE ANY **SCENERY** TRAVELING BETWEEN TWO POINTS LIKE THIS... BUT BOY, YOU GET HERE **FAST.... I'M COMIN', DOC!**



AND SO ENDS **ANOTHER WOULD-BE** DICTATOR'S BAD DREAM!

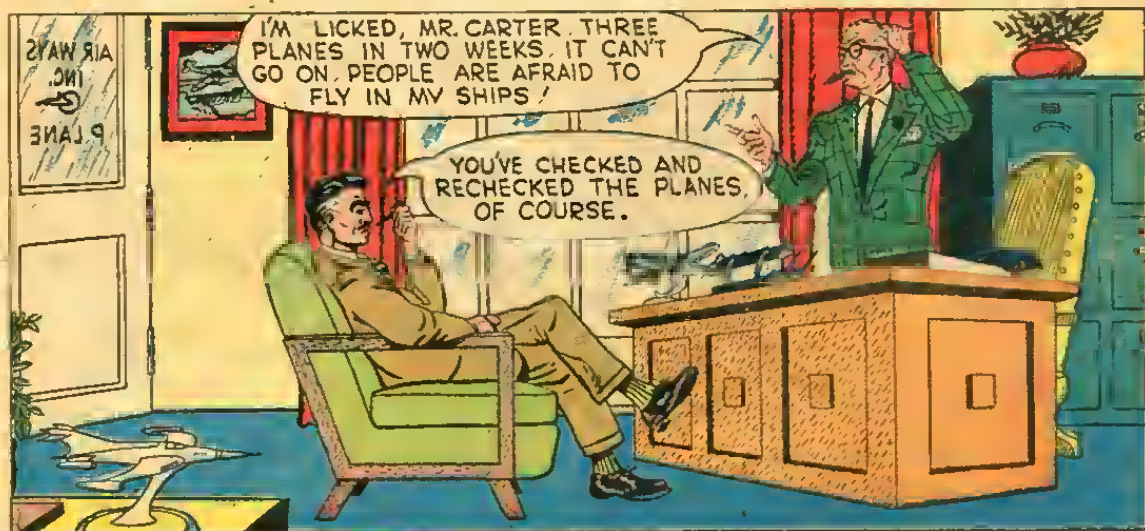
YES MONK...BECAUSE OF THE FEW MEN LIKE STOKLER, THE GREAT BENEFITS THAT SCIENCE HAS TO OFFER HUMANITY OFTEN ARE WARPED AND TWISTED TO BECOME HUMANITY'S ENEMY.....

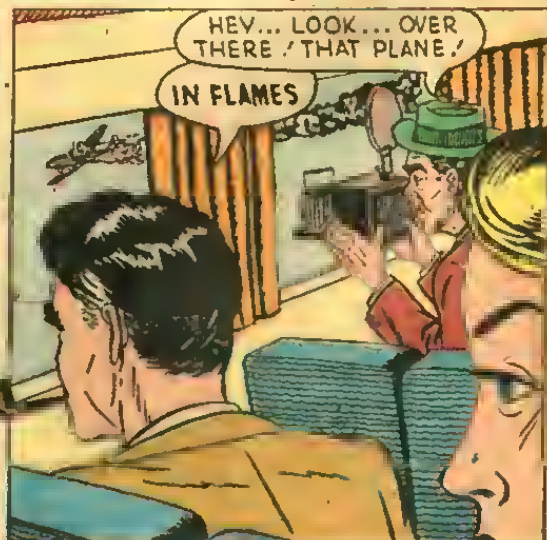
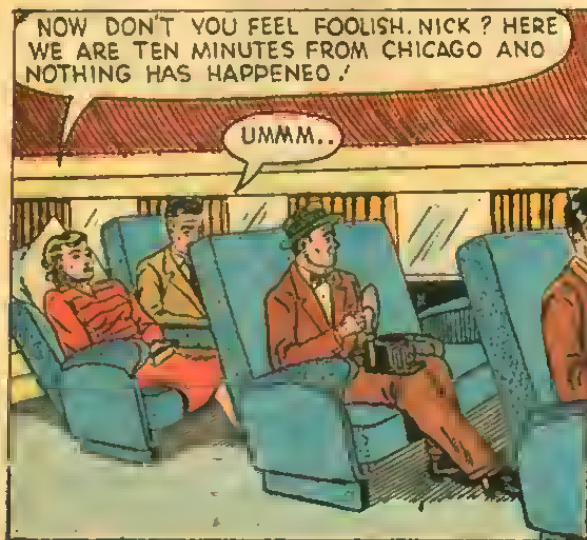
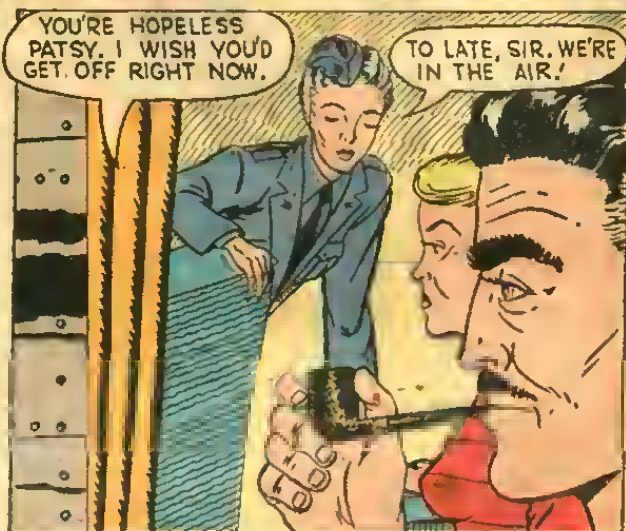
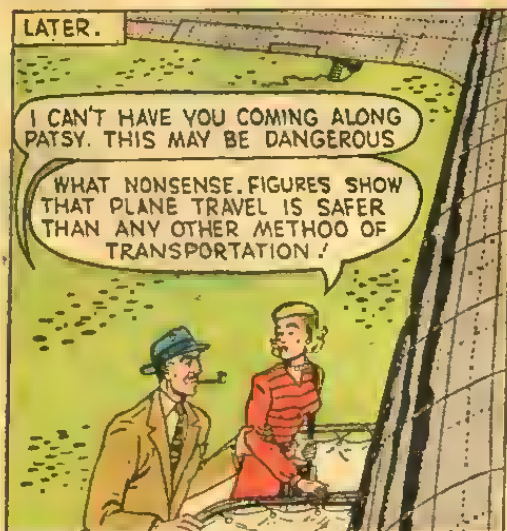


....THAT'S WHY SCIENTISTS MUST CONSIDER EVERY POSSIBILITY OF THEIR WORK...AND IF THE EVIL BENEFITS OUTWEIGH THE GOOD, THEY MUST ABANDON IT UNLESS THEY CAN PROVIDE THE CONTROLS AND ~~PROTECTION THAT WILL~~ **STOP IT FROM BEING AN EVIL FORCE!!**

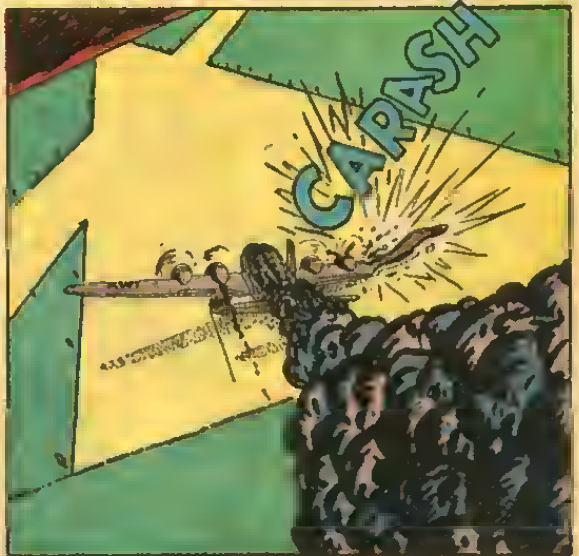
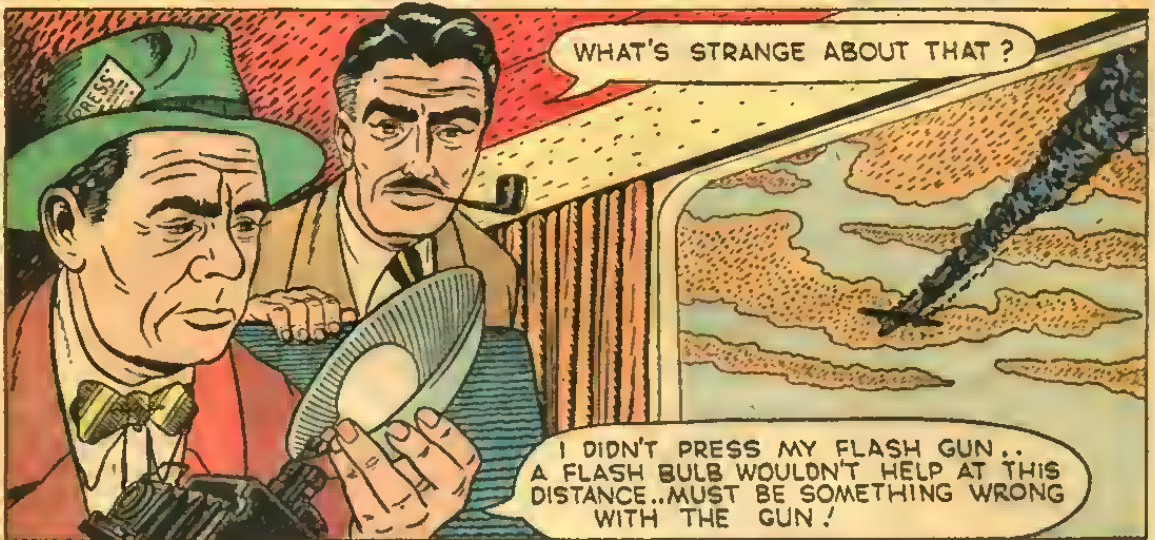
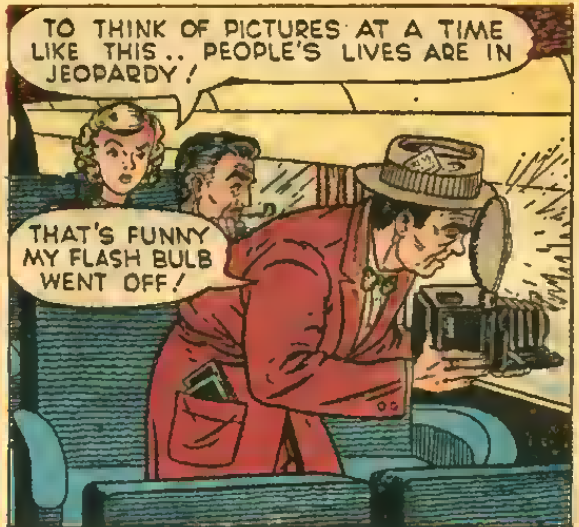


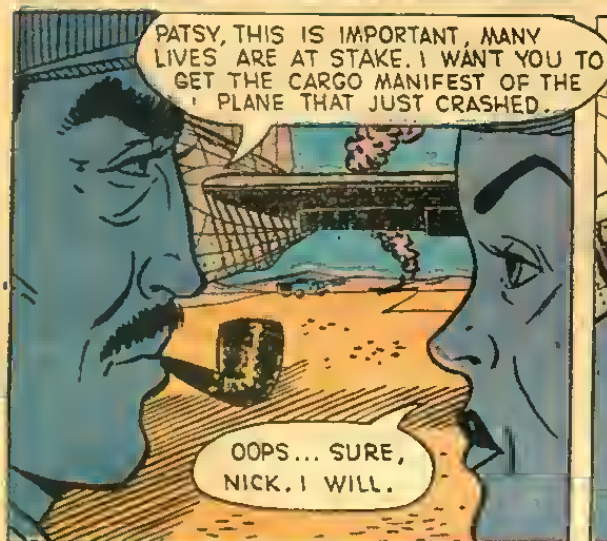
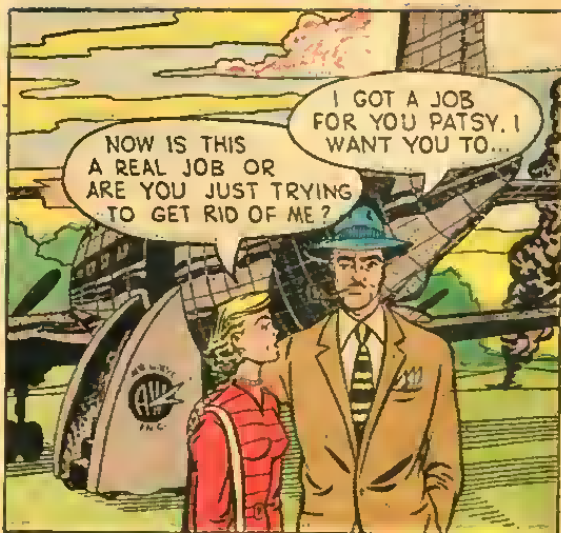
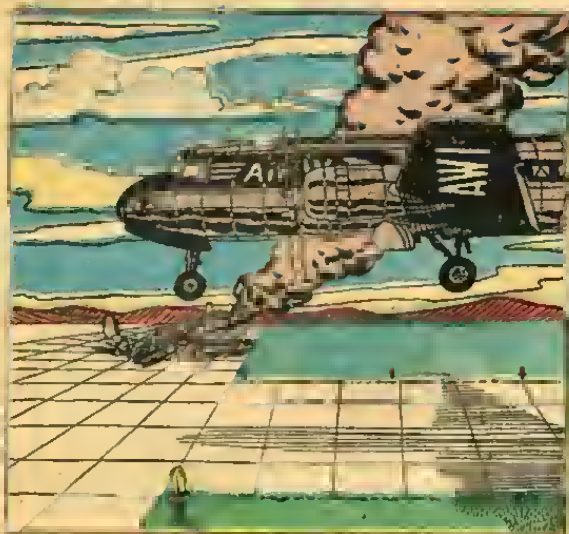




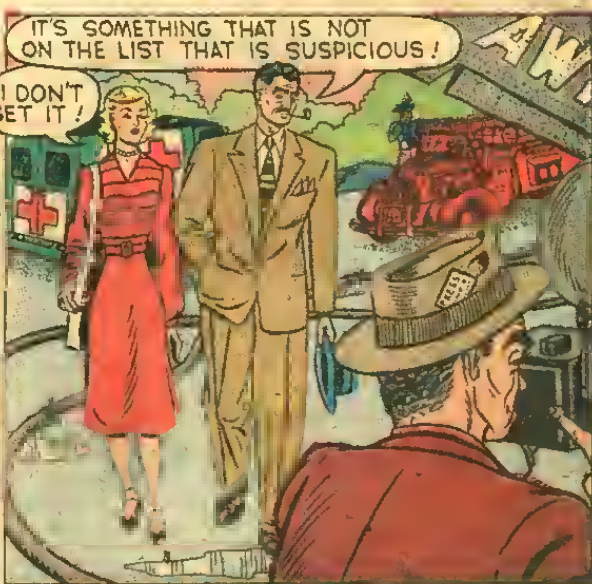
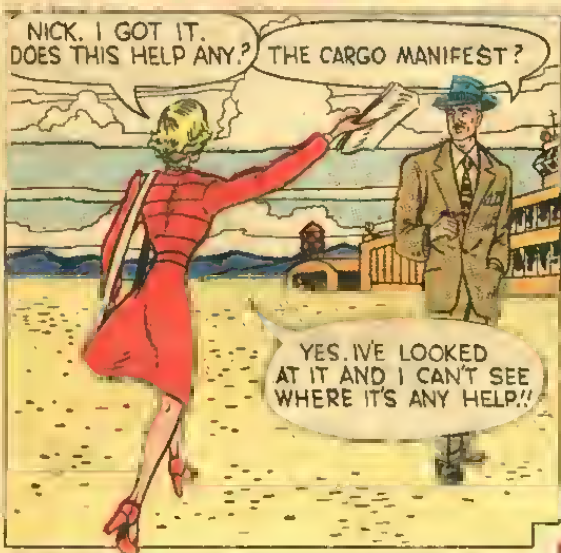
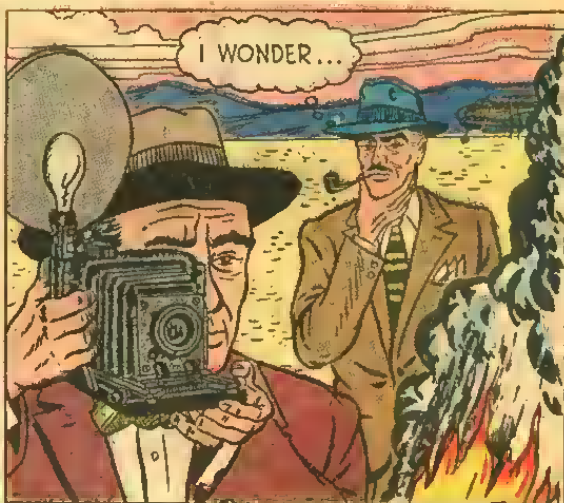
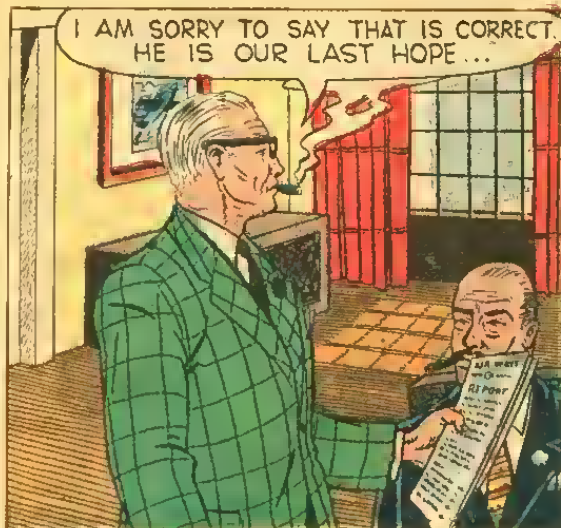


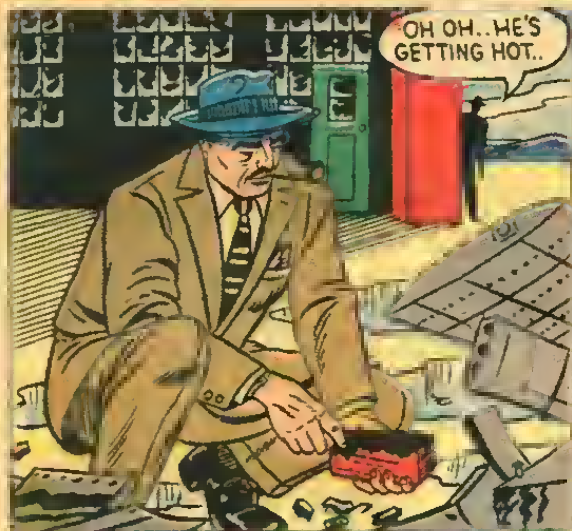










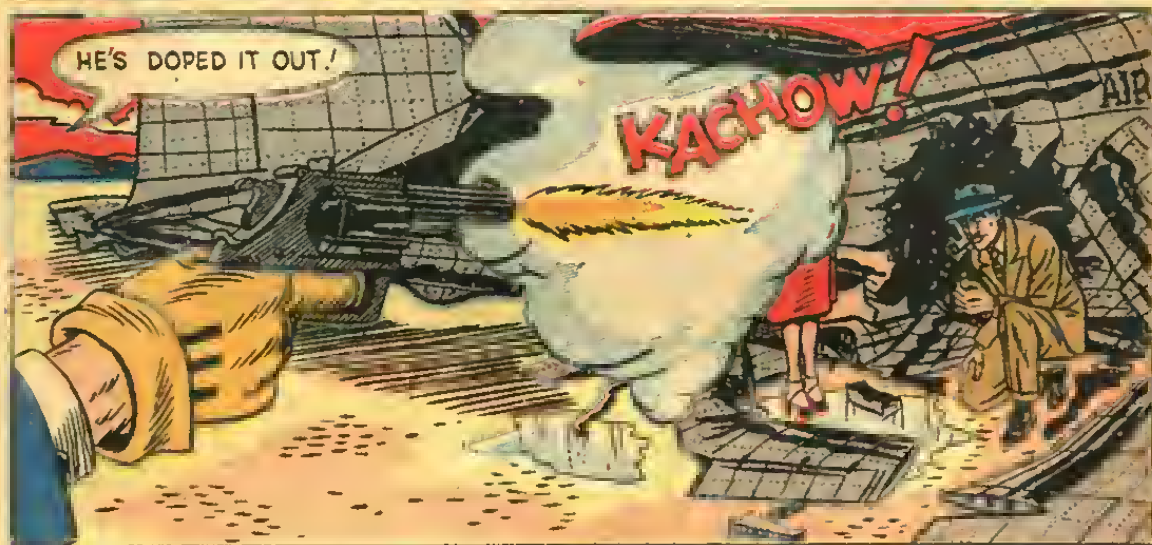


OH OH..HE'S  
GETTING HOT..



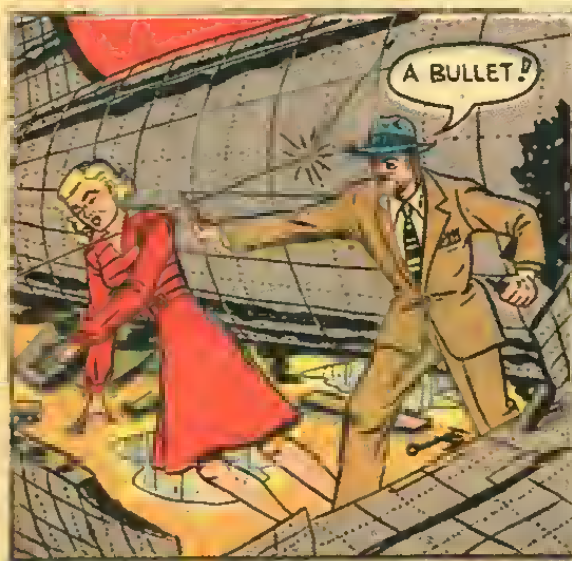
NICK! WHAT ARE  
THOSE BRASS THINGS?

THE ANSWER TO  
OUR PROBLEM. THE  
THINGS THAT WERE NOT ON  
THE MANIFEST!

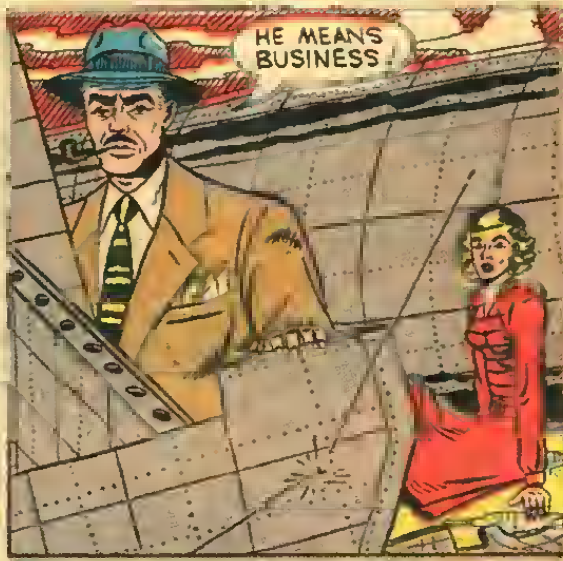


HE'S DOPED IT OUT!

KACHOW!

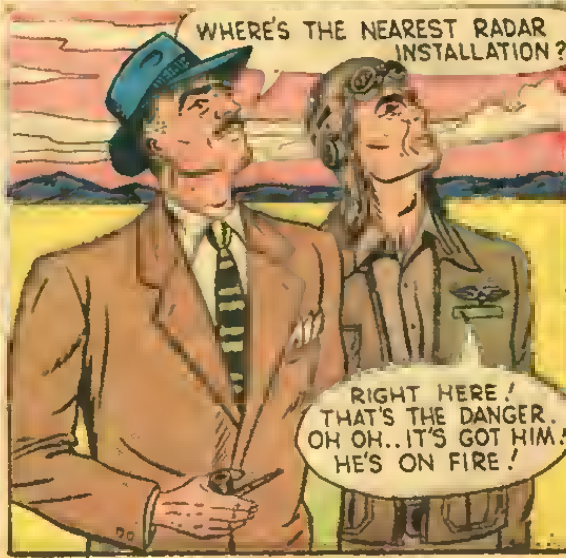
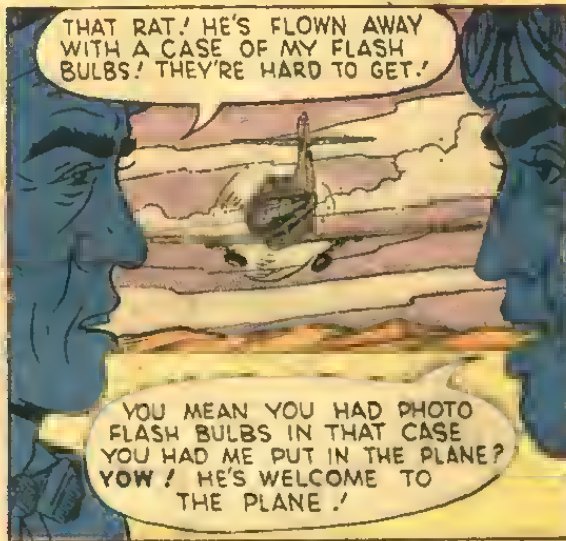


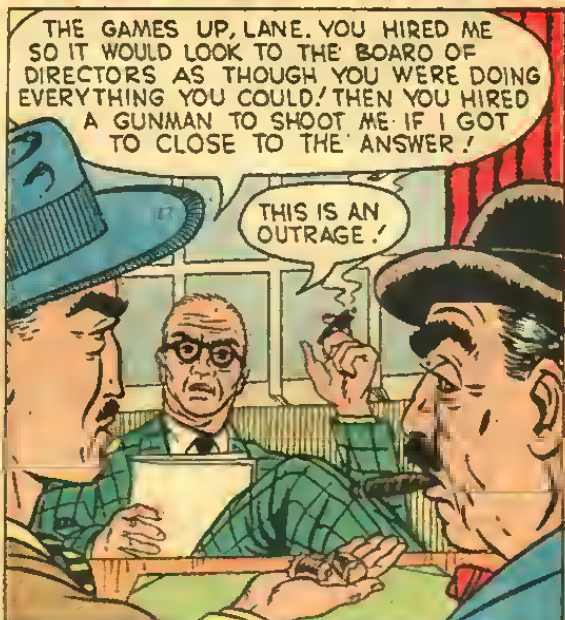
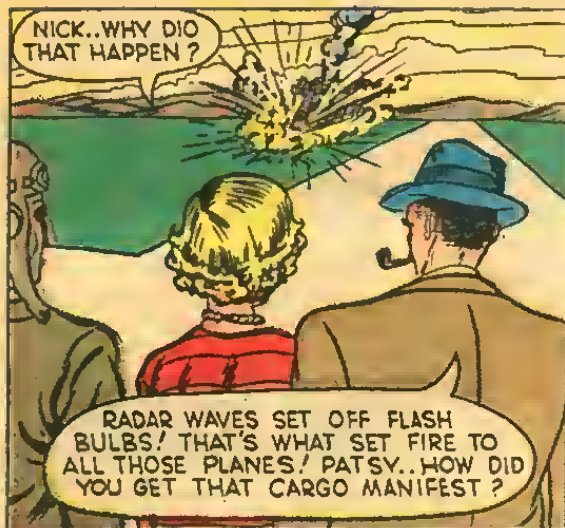
A BULLET!



HE MEANS  
BUSINESS!









The  
Shadow in

**DREAM  
OF  
DEATH**



WHAT'S ALL THIS ABOUT, CRANSTON?...



THIS *DICTAPHONE* RECORD CAME TO ME IN THE MAIL THIS MORNING....IT...IT ISN'T VERY PLEASANT BUT...WELL, LISTEN FOR YOURSELF.....

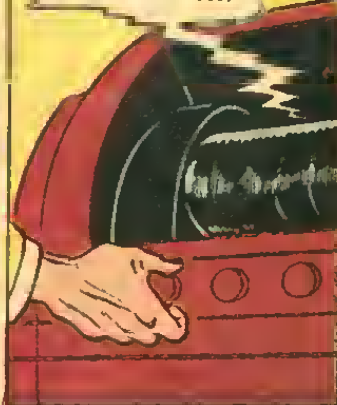


MARGOT...DON'T YOU....

NO, LAMONT, I WANT TO HEAR IT...TURN IT ON!



...WHAT I HAVE TO TELL BEGAN WHEN I AWOKE **SATURDAY** MORNING WITH MY HEAD POUNDING....AND WHEN I JOINED MY WIFE AT BREAKFAST SHE NOTICED I WASN'T MYSELF.....



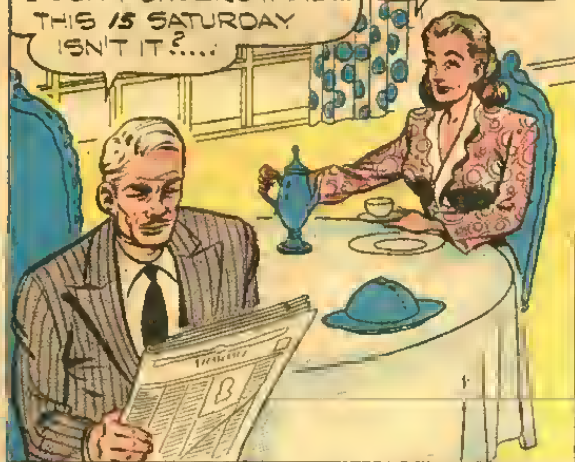
....BUT EXCUSE ME, I DIDN'T INTRODUCE MYSELF....I AM **JAMES CRISPIN**....AND I AM ABOUT TO **COMMIT A MURDER**.....



I'D COME DOWN STAIRS AND HAD PICKED UP THE PAPER WHEN I NOTICED.....

...THIS IS **SUNDAY'S** PAPER....OUT TODAY?... I DON'T UNDERSTAND... THIS IS **SATURDAY** ISN'T IT?...

WHY...NO, DEAR... IT'S **SUNDAY!**



THE...? WHAT ON EARTH FOR?! I **CAN'T** BELIEVE....MADGE, I **CANNOT RECALL** ONE SINGLE INCIDENT THAT HAPPENED YESTERDAY.... ARE YOU **SURE??**

OF COURSE, DEAR!... YOU GOT UP... OH!... THERE'S THE 'PHONE...



IT **CAN'T** BE!! YOU MEAN I **SLEPT** THROUGH **THIRTY-SIX HOURS**?... I REMEMBER GOING TO BED **FRIDAY**....

WHAT **ARE** YOU TALKING ABOUT, JAMES? YOU WENT TO WORK AS USUAL YESTERDAY....AND EVEN GOT ME OUT OF BED TO HELP YOU BRING UP THAT OLD **STEAMER TRUNK!**

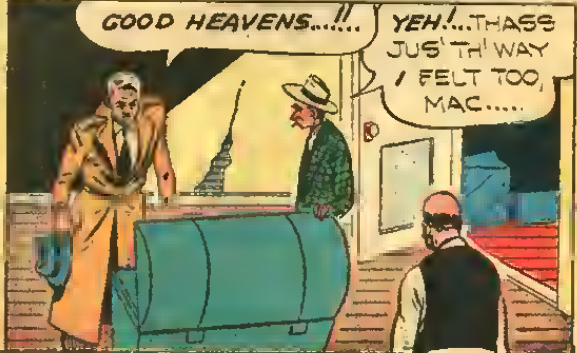


HELLO....YES....**WHO? GRIMES?**... I MET YOU **YESTERDAY?** I BROUGHT...IN....A.. **TRUNK?**... I DON'T....**ALL RIGHT!** WHAT'S THE ADDRESS...YES...AT ONCE... **GOODBYE!...**



I LEFT THEN.... DETERMINED TO GET TO THE BOTTOM OF MY LOST SATURDAY.... I WENT TO THE ADDRESS MY UNKNOWN CALLER GAVE ME AND AFTER BEING ADMITTED INTO THE DIRTY, BACKROOM OF A DIRTY SHOP, BY A DIRTY CHARACTER CALLED POP, I WAS GREETED BY A TYPICAL COMIC BOOK GANGSTER, WHO WASTED NO TIME PULLING OUT A TRUNK... IT WAS MINE ALL RIGHT... AND IN IT WAS THE BRUTALLY GASHED BODY OF MY FRIEND, HOWARD NOSTRAND....

**GOOD HEAVENS.....!!** YEH!...THASS JUS'TH WAY I FELT TOO, MAC....





WHEN YA BARGED IN HERE  
YESTERDAY SAYIN' YA HAD  
A **HOT LOAD** IN TH' TRUNK, I  
T'UGHT YOUSE MEANT  
**FURS 'R'** SOMETHIN'... **THOSE**  
I DEAL IN... BUT **STIFFS...** UH  
UH... IT WAS A GOOD GAG...  
HA HA... BUT  
**NOW WHAT?**

I... I  
CAN'T BELIEVE...  
I DON'T REMEMBER...  
DID I KILL HIM?...

**YOUSE** BROUGHT IN TH'  
BODY, PAL... 'N' **YOUSE**  
SAID THAT NEXT YOU'D  
GET **LAMONT CRANSTON...**  
'N' THEN A GUY NAMED  
**BOWERS...**

**NO!!**  
I MUST BE  
**MAD!... THE POLICE!**  
I'VE GOT TO CALL  
THE POLICE AND  
GIVE MYSELF  
UP!

NOT FROM HERE YOUSE  
DON'T, MISTER...  
**MMFF!!.. TA!**  
**TA!... SWEET**  
**DREAMS!**

NICE  
GOIN'  
GRIMESY...  
I'LL GIVE 'IM A  
SHOT OF **DOPE**  
'N' THEN WE KIN  
TAKE 'IM  
HOME...



....AND SO IT WAS THAT AN HOUR  
LATER I STAGGERED UP THE STAIRS  
OF THE HOUSE COMPLETELY DAZED AND

MUTTERING THAT I HAD TO CALL LAMONT TO  
WARN HIM OF MY MADNESS... HOWEVER, IT  
WAS LAMONT WHO OPENED THE DOOR...

HI, JIM... MADGE  
CALLED... **SAY... WHAT'S**  
THE MAT...? **HERE!**  
LET ME **HELP YOU!**

LAMONT... MUS'  
CALL... LAMONT...

GOT... SOMETHIN'...  
TO TELL... SO  
TIED... SO...  
**UHHH.....**

**OH!!**  
**JAMES!!**

HE **PASSED**  
**OUT...** I'LL GET  
HIM TO HIS  
ROOM...

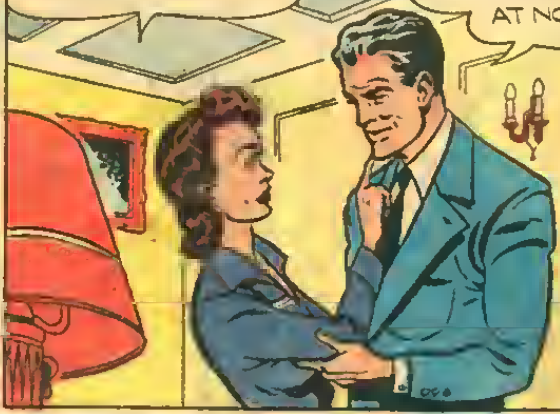


HALF HOUR LATER... *THERE...HE'S ALL TUCKED IN!...OH...I MEANT TO TELL YOU, MARGOT, THE BIRDS OUTSIDE YOUR ROOM PUT UP QUITE A **CHIRP SYMPHONY** EVERY 6 A.M., SO IF YOU WANT TO GET A GOOD NIGHT'S SLEEP YOU'D BETTER **EX-CHANGE** ROOMS WITH ME...*

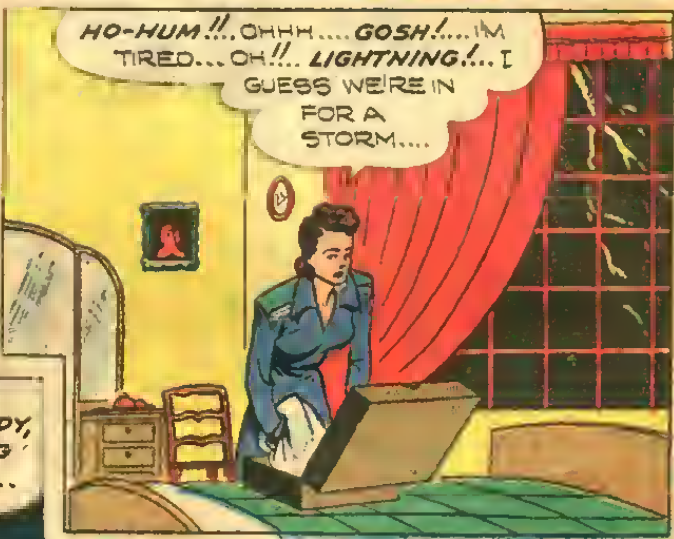


I AM DEAD TIRED AND WOULD LIKE TO SLEEP LATE TO-MORROW... YOU WON'T MIND?

*NOPE!... I WANT TO GET UP EARLY ANYWAY... GOODNIGHT, DEAR, 'N' I'LL SEE YOU AT NOON.*



*HO-HUM!!...OH!!...GOSH!...I'M TIRED...OH!! **LIGHTNING!**... I GUESS WE'RE IN FOR A STORM....*



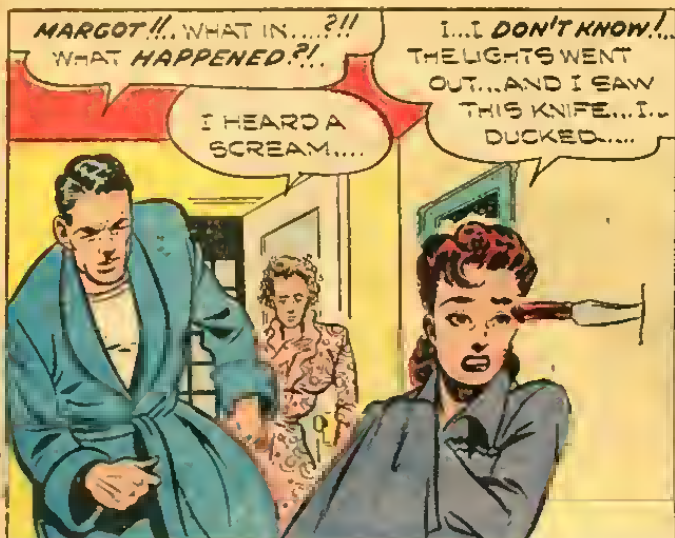
LET IT COME...I'M...*UH...* THE LIGHTS WENT OUT...**STEADY,** MARGOT! YOU'RE A **BIG** GIRL NOW...AND... WHAT?!



*EEEEEEEOOOOWW!!*







MARGOT!!...WHAT IN...?!!  
WHAT HAPPENED?!!

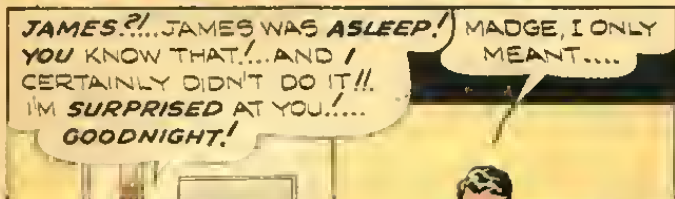
I HEARD A  
SCREAM....

I...I DON'T KNOW!...  
THE LIGHTS WENT  
OUT...AND I SAW  
THIS KNIFE...I...  
DUCKED....



SOME MANIAC MUST  
HAVE BROKEN  
IN....

NO, MADGE...  
I CHECKED  
ALL THE LOCKS.  
SOMEONE INSIDE THE  
HOUSE DID THIS....



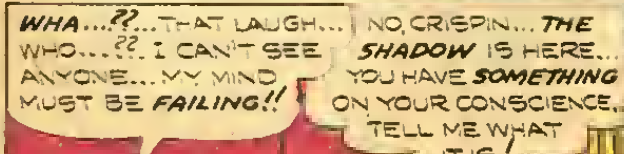
JAMES?!...JAMES WAS ASLEEP!  
YOU KNOW THAT!...AND I  
CERTAINLY DIDN'T DO IT!!  
I'M SURPRISED AT YOU!...  
GOODNIGHT!

MADGE, I ONLY  
MEANT....



OH, LAVONT! WHO DO  
YOU THINK THREW  
THIS KNIFE?

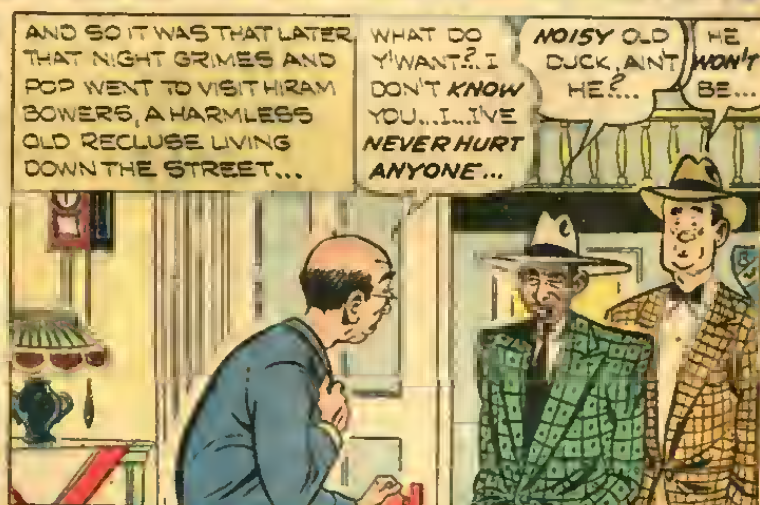
I DON'T KNOW,  
BUT  
I THINK THE  
SHADOW BETTER  
PAY MR. JAMES CRISPIN  
A VISIT!...



WHA...??...THAT LAUGH...  
WHO...?? I CAN'T SEE  
ANYONE...MY MIND  
MUST BE FAILING!!

NO, CRISPIN... THE  
SHADOW IS HERE...  
YOU HAVE SOMETHING  
ON YOUR CONSCIENCE...  
TELL ME WHAT  
IT IS!





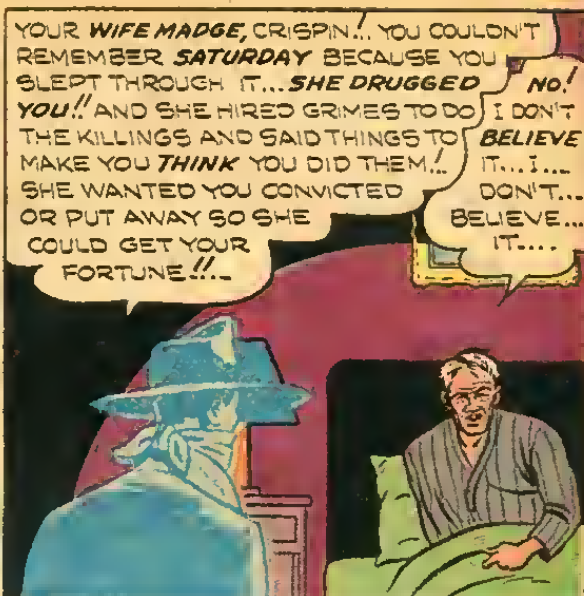






CRISPIN... **WAKE UP!!!**...  
BOWERS WAS JUST SHOT...  
BUT HE'LL LIVE...AND **YOU**  
**NEVER LEFT THIS ROOM....**  
**SOMEONE IS FRAMING**  
**YOU!!**

**WHA...?!... BUT...BUT**  
**WHO?!!**



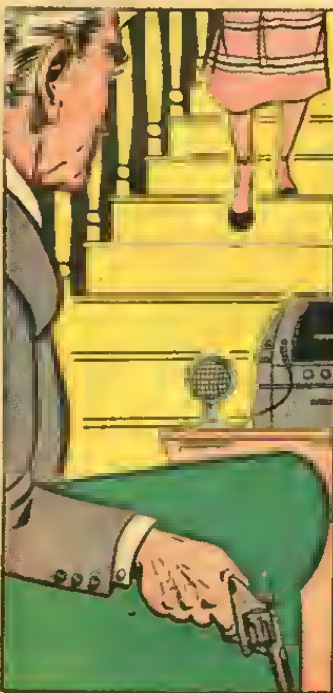
**YOUR WIFE MADGE, CRISPIN!... YOU COULDN'T**  
**REMEMBER SATURDAY BECAUSE YOU**  
**SLEPT THROUGH IT... SHE DRUGGED**  
**YOU!!** AND SHE HIRED GRIMES TO DO  
THE KILLINGS AND SAID THINGS TO  
MAKE YOU **THINK** YOU DID THEM...  
SHE WANTED YOU CONVICTED  
OR PUT AWAY SO SHE  
COULD GET YOUR  
**FORTUNE!!!**

**NO!**  
**I DON'T**  
**BELIEVE**  
**IT...I...**  
**DON'T...**  
**BELIEVE...**  
**IT....**

....BUT AFTER **THE SHADOW** LEFT, I REALIZED  
HE WAS RIGHT....OR COULD BE **PROVEN RIGHT...**  
IF MADGE WAS TRYING TO MAKE ME THINK I  
DID THESE THINGS SHE WOULD PROBABLY ASK  
ME **WHERE I WAS LAST NIGHT** TO MAKE ME  
THINK I ATTACKED BOWERS...SHE'S COMING  
DOWN THE STAIRS NOW.. I'M WAITING FOR  
HER...WITH MY **GUN COCKED....**AND IF SHE  
ASKS ME **WHERE I WAS LAST NIGHT....**  
I'LL **KILL HER....**

**OH, LAMONT!..**  
**CAN'T WE DO**  
**ANYTHING?!**

I'M AFRAID NOT....  
WE'D NEVER GET  
THERE IN TIME...  
IT ALL DEPENDS  
WHAT MADGE  
SAYS NOW....



**JAMES, DEAR...WHERE WERE**  
**YOU LAST NIGHT?..**



# Attention BOYS!

"It's Sweeping the Country"

THE NEWEST MOST FASCINATING

Hobby Club in The World!

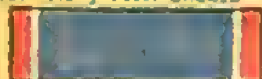
## The RAISED EAGLE Club



A-11 Good Conduct



A-129 Navy Pres. Citation



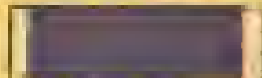
A-59 Dist. Serv. Cross



A-150 Vet. of Foreign Wars



A-21 Bronze Star



A-128 Purple Heart



A-137 Silver Star



A-4 American Defense



A-74 Marine Good Conduct

Be a member of this exciting and educational Hobby Club NOW! Learn to recognize at once such famous decorations as the Purple Heart . . . Medal of Honor . . . China Service . . . French Legion of Honor . . . Japanese Order of the Rising Sun . . . the Burma Star and many others!

These ribbons and the ones pictured on this page are but a few of the many ribbons that you can collect. Each ribbon has been created on battlefields for the bravery, gallantry and service of our Soldiers, Sailors and Marines all over the world. Each tells a true and inspiring historical story. The ribbons, ALL GENUINE AND AUTHENTIC and mounted on a pin with a safety catch make a colorful and exciting display.

Start your collection of U. S. and Foreign ribbons that have been awarded to fighting men throughout history . . . Join the RAISED EAGLE CLUB!

**BEGIN TODAY!**

Get your choice of any ribbon shown on this page, your Membership Card and a 24 kt. gold Plated Raised U. S. Eagle Badge to signify that you are a member by sending the coupon below and 25c in coin to the headquarters of The RAISED EAGLE CLUB. As a member, you will also receive a confidential list of the many ribbons available to MEMBERS ONLY!

**SPECIAL!** As a Special Introductory Offer, you can get your Membership Card, the Confidential list and The Raised U. S. Eagle Badge and NINE (9) different ribbons, plus One of your choice for only \$1.

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GENUINE  
24 Kt. Gold Plated  
**RAISED EAGLE**  
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☐ Ribbon No. \_\_\_\_\_ I enclose 25c  
☐ Ribbon No. \_\_\_\_\_ PLUS NINE other different ribbons. I enclose \$1.

(Please Print Clearly)

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_  
Age \_\_\_\_\_

### THE IMPOSSIBLE MURDER!

"The window washer wrung out his cloth. He put it in the front of his belt. He un-snapped his safety belt and straddled his way from the now clean window to the next one. The soot and dirt of the city had made this window filthy. He snapped his belt onto the projecting loops and reached down for his cloth. Only then did he look through the smudgy window. It was partly open. He was in the action of pulling it all the way closed when his eyes focused on the scene inside the room."

Nick Carter cleared his throat and looked at the expectant members of the Inner Circle. "There in the office room he saw a man falling forward on his face. From his back the haft of a knife made an ugly projection. There was no one in the room but the man on the floor. The window washer had been in the South Pacific in the war. Sudden death was no novelty to him. He looked at the knife in the man's back, looked at the door of the office. It was the only door and it was closed. He turned around, swinging out against the resistance of his belt. Directly opposite was another window. It was ten feet away across an airshaft. The knife could have been thrown from that window, the window washer thought, except that the window was closed and there was no one in the office. He looked up. No, the angle was too sharp. A knife thrown from above would not have been able to enter the partly closed window that faced on the dying man.

"Even as the dying man made a feeble motion, the window washer realized that it was all over. There was a curious relaxation of the dying man's body. Death was now the sole occupant of the room."

Taking a drink of water, Nick said, "The window washer called the police and they called me. It was a curiously disturbing case.

The knife in the dead man's body was peculiarly weighted. The blade was heavy and leaf shaped. The haft weighed almost nothing. In essence it was a throwing knife!"

Nick looked at the members of the Inner Circle. He repeated, "A throwing knife and yet . . . there seemed to be no way from which the weapon could have been thrown. The police investigated the dead man's affairs. He was in dire financial straits. He blamed all his troubles on a man named Squire. As it happened, Squire was the occupant of the office across the airshaft. In the dead man's effects the police found correspondence between the dead man, Baxter and this other man, Squire. Squire's letters were very irate indeed. They spoke of how fed up he was with Baxter's threats . . . that he, Squire was not going to stand for much more from Baxter . . ."

Looking at the members Nick said, "Squire was in an awkward spot. The police questioned him and he told them of how he had been Baxter's partner at one time. They had broken up and there was bad feeling on both sides. Baxter went around town saying that he'd kill Squire on sight . . ."

Chick, Nick Carter's talented foster son, interjected, "If Squire had been found dead and if we had heard about Baxter's wild threats why . . . there would have been nothing to it. Baxter would have been held on suspicion at least. The only trouble was that it was Baxter who was dead."

Beef called out, "It seems clear to me. Squire got fed up with Baxter's threats and decided to shut him up once and for all."

Nick smiled. "Yes that's what the police felt too. The only problem was . . . how! The window washer saw Baxter dying at four o'clock. He called the police shortly after



that. They checked and re-checked on Squire's whereabouts. Fortunately for him he didn't get back to his office till after the death of Baxter!

"He was at a business conference from three to four fifteen! He had ten men who would swear to that!" Nick shook his head. "No the solution isn't that easy. If it hadn't been for a scratch on some metal the case might have gone down on the police blotter as unsolved."

"You were the only one who saw that, Dad!" Chick said proudly at Nick.

Nick shrugged deprecatorily. "There was the mysterious phone call too! That helped. You see," Nick turned back to the members. "Squire received a phone call during his conference. It was an urgent one and Squire said that if the conference hadn't been so important to him he would have answered it. As it was he had his secretary leave his phone off the hook hoping that he'd be able to run into the phone if the conference slowed down for a bit. As it happened and very luckily for Squire, he couldn't get away at the time..

"That call came from Baxter!" Nick said cryptically.

"Baxter phoned his mortal enemy?" Beef said incredulously.

Nick nodded. "I am sure of it although there is no proof and there can't be, because you can't trace a dial phone call. Let's hold that off for a moment, though.

"When I arrived at Baxter's office I looked at the throwing knife, at the angle at which it had entered the corpse's back at the window. I looked across the way at Squire's office. There seemed to be no doubt that the knife could have been thrown across the intervening space..

"The window washer swore that the window across the way was closed but the knife thrower could have thrown the knife, slammed the window down and been out of the office before the window washer saw anything amiss.

"But I didn't feel that that was the answer. I looked around Baxter's office. It was a normal business man's office but for one thing. Filing cabinets were all around the walls.

"Baxter's body made a right angle with the

wall in which the window was set. I looked down at his body again. Something bothered my eye but I couldn't put my finger on it. More to have something to do than because I had thought the thing out I looked at the filing cabinet nearest to the window.

"I saw a scratch in the third drawer from the floor."

Chick laughed. "And a scratch solved the secret of how a knife could come from nowhere!"

Beef stirred in his chair. "I don't get it. Phone calls... scratched?... what have they got to do with all this?"

"Just this," Nick said. "That phone call to Squire was from Baxter. He put the call through, then Squire's secretary say, 'Hold the line please, Mr. Squire will be right here.' Baxter thought that Squire was coming. He had phrased his call in such a way that he knew that Squire would not have his secretary in the room when he answered the call.

"Baxter hung up his phone so there would be no evidence. Then he went ahead with his plan."

"Baxter had a plan?" Beef asked incredulously.

"Yes," Nick agreed. "You see, Baxter committed suicide!"

"With a throwing knife!" Chick added. "He depended on the fact that we would see a throwing knife and assume that because it was what it was that we'd think it had to be thrown."

"Instead of which," Nick went on, "Baxter jammed the knife in between the drawer and the body of the filing cabinet. The haft of a throwing knife is very slim and it fitted perfectly. He hung up his phone and then threw his body backwards against the knife!

"When his body relaxed and he fell to the floor he fell with the knife sticking in him!"

"But why?" Beef asked.

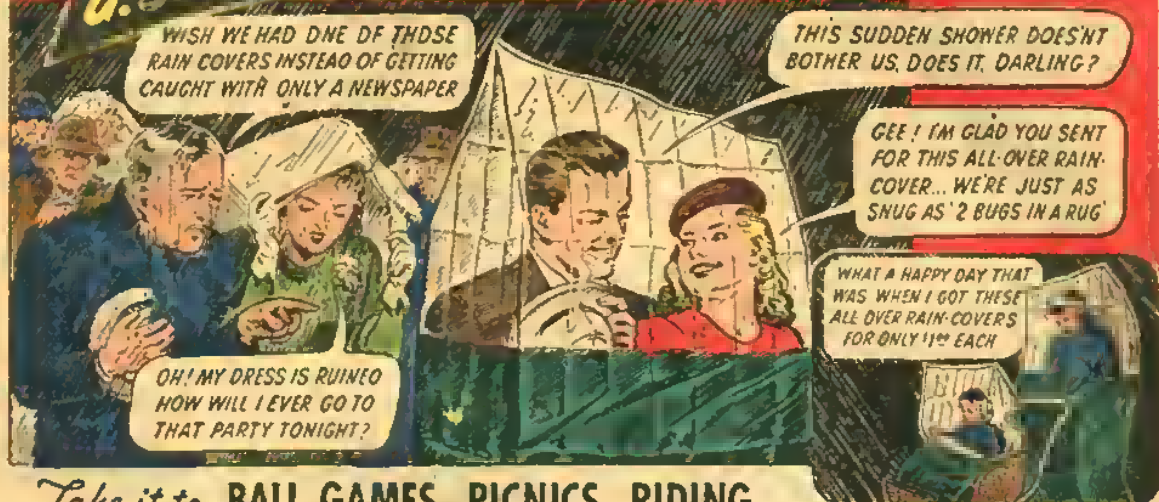
"Vengeance!" Nick said and his face was grim. "He hated Squire so much that he was willing to die to get even! He probably died smiling, thinking that Squire would go to the chair for his 'murder!' "

On that sardonic note the meeting of the Inner Circle ended.

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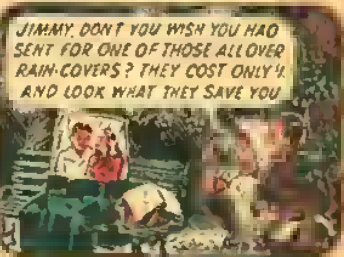
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